THE FORTNIGHTLY

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THE POLISH TRAGEDY

BY HERMANN H. FIELD

(An eye-witness account of events in Poland by an American observer)

THE military, political, and administrative collapse of Poland in the course of the 18-day German-Polish war, cannot merely be explained by the errors in immediate military preparations and strategy.

The military deficiencies were themselves conditioned by political factors in foreign and internal policy. Both of these had created a most unfavourable basis for successful military resistance. The Polish population expected the Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck, to forestall Nazi aggression on their territory. But it was the Beck government that stripped Poland of all her diplomatic defences and left her isolated in eastern Europe. Poland had inevitable points of conflict with an expanding fascist Germany—the Corridor, Danzig, Upper Silesia, and Ukraine, the *Drang nach Osten*—and would sooner or later become the object of Nazi aggression. Yet Colonel Beck at once encouraged the Nazi *régime* in 1934 with a far-reaching treaty, and at the same time wrecked M. Barthou's plan for an eastern collective security pact, based on Paris, Prague, and Moscow. From this the Beck government advanced to helping Hitler in his aggression against Czechoslovakia in 1938, thus destroying the last barrier against German advance east and abetting in the encirclement of Poland itself. Through her partnership in the rape of Czechoslovakia, Beck's Poland cornered a few towns for which she paid with her entire national territory a year later. In September, 1939, I saw Polish peasants staring at the bombers overhead with incredulity. They were not *Junkers*, but planes of Czech manufacture. The simple peasant wondered how that had come to pass.

Against the imperialist aims of Hitler the Warsaw generals began to set forth their aims, which were not those of the Polish population. They spoke of the annexation of East Prussia and of the whole of eastern Germany. There were even certain hopes of acquiring a Polish protectorate over Slovakia. The romantic and heroic military tradition of Poland had become distorted in the minds of her generals into a megalomania blinding them to the reality with which it was their responsibility to deal.

But the most fateful blunder of the government was in its relations with the Soviet Union. Throughout the summer Polish public opinion looked increasingly toward Russia for help, and was perplexed by the government's failure to secure it. By the end of August and in the succeeding weeks, under the clarifying impact of events, this was one of the most frequently heard criticisms of the government. Poland, backed by the military and economic power of Russia, could have eliminated the danger of German aggression. The government, however, representative of one of the most decadent and reactionary class minorities in any European state, was more afraid of Russian help against Hitler than of Hitler himself. It feared that Russian help would strengthen the demand for land reform and would increase the democratic ferment against itself. At the Moscow negotiations between England, France and Russia, the Polish government helped to create those obstacles which finally made any practical agreement impossible. By refusing the aid of the Russian army on Polish soil, Beck and his generals not only helped to push Europe into war but delivered their people, unprepared, undefended and unknowing, into the massacre that followed.

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But the most serious weakness certainly lay in the internal social and political contradictions. The backward, often semi-feudal social structure kept most of the population in a state of permanent poverty. The government, based on a military dictatorship, was supported only by a small minority. Nearly all parties, from Left to Right, were in opposition. Opposition was especially strong among the peasantry. Impoverished by the backward conditions of Polish agriculture, they had for years

shown an increasing restlessness and impatience. Their demands for agrarian reform, as well as demands for greater democracy and social improvement, were only too often met with brutal repression and the concentration camp. I remember vividly just before an air raid in Krasnik seeing hundreds of concentration camp inmates being "evacuated" towards the east. Shackled to one another by the feet, they had been tramping for days along the dusty road, exposed to air raids and helpless to take cover. It was one of the most incongruous and bitter sights of the war.

Nearly 40% of the population belonged to national minorities. These 12 million people, consisting of some 6 million Ukrainians, 3½ million Jews, 1½ million White Russians and 1 million Germans, also opposed the government as symbolical of their unequal status and of Polish oppression against them. Under the circumstances none of these non-Polish minorities could be expected to feel a deep loyalty to the Polish state. Their support was mainly the choice of the lesser evil. This was especially the case with Polish anti-semitism, which sometimes took on forms almost as brutal as in Nazi Germany. Despite the liberal support which the Polish Jewish community gave to all measures of defence in the critical days, the government continued to maintain an attitude almost reminiscent of their fascist opponents toward this minority.

Such an overpowering adversary could only have been met by a close harmony between the leadership and the nation, and a development of the initiative of the population, as was the case in Spain. During the summer it was still hoped that a wider democratic basis would be found. But this did not happen, and the Polish nation had to fight for its existence under the leadership of a government despised at heart by its people and completely unfitted to wage a war for liberty against fascism.

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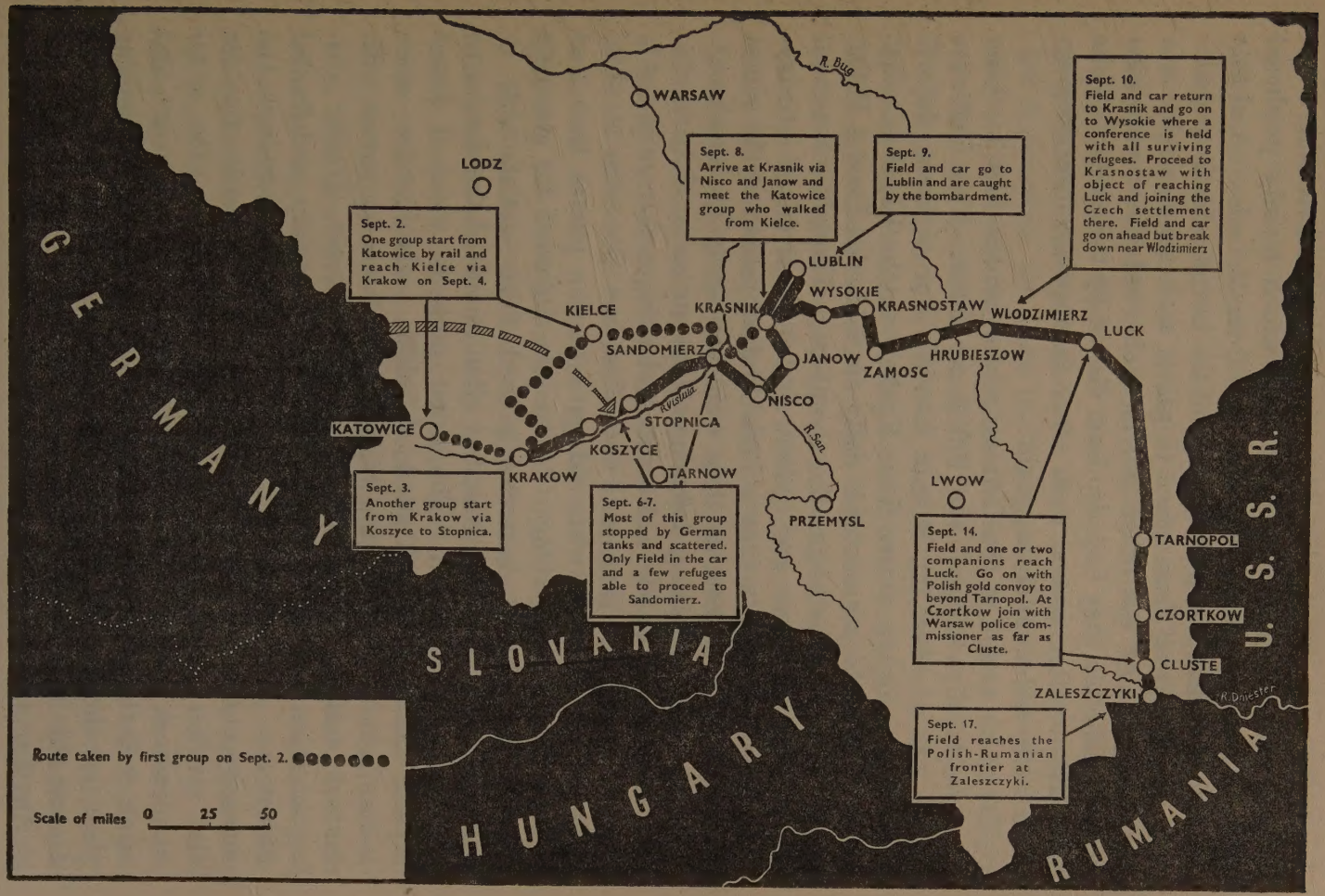
The predominant feature of the Polish campaign was the complete fluidity of all operations. Not only did the German mastery of the air break down the difference between front and hinterland—the first measures of the war were the raids in the interior—but in the operations on land there was a complete

absence of real fronts throughout the war. It was a mobile war in the widest sense. The strategy of the invaders was to prevent the formation of any sort of defensive lines, and at the same time to drive thin wedges and make rapid encircling movements around strategic enemy concentrations.

Shortly after dawn on September 1, 1939, the invasion began with the bombing of important military objectives, not only in the border regions but far into the central areas of Poland. Before Poland was aware that the war had started most of the Polish aerodromes with a large part of their plane equipment had been bombed. The raid on the Krakow aerodrome at 5.30 that morning was typical. Although the sirens were sounded the population tended to think that the raiders were Polish planes making at last the long-heralded A.R.P. rehearsal. This belief still seemed to persist even after the planes had power dived on the outskirts of the city, and released their bombs, which could clearly be seen falling from the planes, especially as not a single Polish plane rose to meet the attackers. It was not until some hours later that it became known through the radio that actual air raids had occurred on points as far east as Lublin. But it took three more days for the Krakow population to realize that these were not merely extended frontier incidents, but a full-scale invasion. For, after all, their allies France and England had not yet moved a finger. By the time of the Franco-British war declaration the Germans were already half way to Krakow on the road from the frontier. On September 3, all rail communication out of Krakow was stopped by successful raids on the station area. By the evening the provincial and city government, and the police department, were preparing to leave, and general panic began in the city. By the next morning all the roads to the east were clogged by the fleeing population, young, old and sick, on foot with baggage, and in every sort of vehicle. They had no guides, no distinct idea as to why and where. They paralysed the countryside like swarms of locusts, and ahead of them village after village emptied itself and deprived them of their last means of sustenance. Gradually this grew to be the picture anywhere in Poland, from north to south and west to east. In Krakow there was still a semblance of direction : the Germans were


WARSAW
R. Bug
LODZ
Sept. 8.
Arrive at Krasnik via Nisco and Janow and meet the Katowice group who walked from Kielce.
Sept. 9.
Field and car go to Lublin and are caught by the bombardment.
Sept. 10.
Field and car return to Krasnik and go on to Wysokie where a conference is held with all surviving refugees. Proceed to Krasnostaw with object of reaching Luck and joining the Czech settlement there. Field and car go on ahead but break down near Wlodzimierz
Sept. 2.
One group start from Katowice by rail and reach Kielce via Krakow on Sept. 4.
LUBLIN
WYSOKIE
KIELCE
KRASNIK
KRASNOSTAW
WLODZIMIERZ
LUCK
SANDOMIERZ
JANOW
ZAMOSC
HRUBIESZOW
NISCO
R. Vistula
STOPNICA
R. San
KATOWICE
KOSZYCE
KRAKOW
TARNOW
LWOW
Sept. 3.
Another group start from Krakow via Koszyce to Stopnica.
Sept. 6-7.
Most of this group stopped by German tanks and scattered. Only Field in the car and a few refugees able to proceed to Sandomierz.
PRZEMYSL
Sept. 14.
Field and one or two companions reach Luck. Go on with Polish gold convoy to beyond Tarnopol. At Czortkow join with Warsaw police commissioner as far as Cluste.
TARNOPOL
CZORTKOW
CLUSTE
ZALESZCZYKI
R. Dniester
Sept. 17.
Field reaches the Polish-Rumanian frontier at Zaleszczyki.
GERMANY
SLOVAKIA
HUNGARY
RUMANIA
U. S. S. R.
Route taken by first group on Sept. 2.
Scale of miles 0 25 50

generally supposed to be advancing behind, from the west. But it was not the invasion on land which mainly produced these mass migrations, but the war from the air. And this gave no direction except to get out of the towns. So the population dragged itself from place to place, each time caught in a new stream. At the other end of each road there were also towns, and often they had also been visited by the raiders. Thus the streams often passed each other in opposite directions on their futile and annihilating flight.

The quick action of the German raiders on the first morning at once fatally crippled the Polish air force. The *Luftraum Polen* was at once in German hands. For eighteen days I moved in a zigzag course from Krakow to the Ukraine. But never during the innumerable daily air raids did I see a Polish plane rise to challenge the bombers. Though occasional Polish scouting planes and chasers circled low over the countryside at quiet moments, they invariably disappeared at the sound of approaching planes, as they were hopelessly outnumbered. Thus the only remaining defence was the anti-aircraft batteries. But in hundreds of bombed towns and villages there was not a single anti-aircraft gun, and one often saw peasants in their futile anger shooting with old guns at the planes that had appeared over their village. At points defended for strategic reasons anti-aircraft batteries proved fairly satisfactory in defending localized objectives, but often increased the danger to the civilian population. The worst raids in which I found myself—Sandomierz, Krasnik, Lublin, Hrubieszow—were indiscriminate attacks from high flying planes on towns with limited anti-aircraft defences, in which much greater disorganization followed than in raids on relatively undefended objectives. Apparently the Germans simply increased the intensity and area of bombing without further consideration for the civilian population. The worst feeling was the utter helplessness, as one watched the plane formations approach and circle over the towns, without having any means of intercepting their pre-determined course. This was certainly one of the factors that helped to break civilian *morale*.

Another serious handicap was the absence in most of the smaller towns of adequate medical or fire fighting equipment,

as well as the lack of proper A.R.P. precautions. The havoc in these towns was terrific, as a good part of the houses was of flimsy wooden construction. Such areas could be destroyed with a scattering of small explosive and incendiary bombs. In the small town of Krasnik, I witnessed a raid in which 70 dead were counted two hours later, mostly inhabitants of the Jewish ghetto. Many of these people bled to death, as no preparation had been made for such an eventuality. Not even the horse carts, let alone the motor vehicles, could be found to move the casualties, and after the first half hour no bandages or first aid material could be had anywhere in the town. Rescue work meanwhile was almost impossible owing to the spread of the fire, there being no adequate fire fighting equipment. Although zigzag A.R.P. trenches had been dug in small numbers in most of the towns, the main concentration of these was usually in the Ryneks—the Polish town squares around which most of the administrative and often military buildings were grouped. Thus the trenches often proved to be in the most likely area for an air raid, and were an especially good target. Usually no attempt was made to camouflage them, and during the destruction of Lublin, which I witnessed, the Place Litowski was one of the worst hit spots, with the horror of machine-gunning the crowded area added to the bombing.

This mastery of the air the Germans used to disorganize the hinterland—the railway junctions, bridges, telephone lines, radio stations, electricity works, and transports moving along rails and highways. Thus from the first days of the war the Polish command began to lose its most vital lines of communication and its civilian bases. As troops attempted strategic reformations, they lost contact with the various sections and were swallowed up in the complete chaos of the countryside behind them. Units became as scattered on this account as through the enveloping movements of the enemy. Army units thus were often unaware of the general position in their own vicinity, and would suddenly find themselves cut off from an unexpected side, as was the case of the Polish troops defending the north bank of the Vistula between Krakow and Sandomierz about September 7. At that time the army command of this front at Sandomierz had already fallen back, leaving the

defending troops isolated with the Germans sweeping down from the north behind them, before they even appeared on the south bank in front of them. During the second week practically all contact with the high command and the central government became disrupted, as the German aviation followed them at every step, and never allowed them to rest. All attempts to reorganize the scattered troops were frustrated by immediate aerial bombardments as at Krasnik on September 8 and the next day at Lublin, filled to three times its normal population owing to the evacuation stream from Warsaw. The Warsaw government was successively bombed on its arrival in Lublin, Luck, Krzemieniec, Tarnopol, and Zaleszczyki on the Rumanian border.

In large part this was made possible by the uncanny efficiency of the German information service. Without doubt the hostile German and Ukrainian minorities provided nuclei for spying and diversion. Not only were telephone lines destroyed by clusters of small bombs dropped along the highways, but I saw many instances where the same results had been achieved through broken telegraph poles or trees that had been made to fall on to the lines. The bodies of people by the roadside, shot out of hand, were often eloquent evidence of the awareness of spies on the part of the population. The Germans also sometimes landed individuals from planes for this purpose, as I had occasion to witness on the evening of September 7 when I was driving from Sandomierz to Krasnik. That night it was intended that the troops falling back on Lublin should move along the road and hide in the vicinity of Krasnik during the next day. It was a lonely stretch of road and the telephone communication between Janow and Krasnik had been destroyed. Under cover of dusk a German plane had landed in some fields about 300 metres from the road, but the exact spot had not been found before dark by the peasants rushing around with pitchforks. There was good reason to believe that the landing was not merely for spying, but specifically to disorganize with machine guns, mines, or grenades the military retreat that night. Since no telephone warning or courier was available along this deserted stretch, the military guards commanded me to run the

gauntlet without lights to give the warning through to the command at Krasnik.

But the most startling element was the absence of any real continuous front, especially in southern Poland. In the Poznan district, and then at Kutno, Radom, and Modlin in the Warsaw district there were isolated fronts for a while, but they quickly became isolated arcs behind which the main Polish forces found themselves imprisoned due to their bad strategic position. Meanwhile German troops poured in from the South and North, and moved East, thus destroying the possibility of a second line of defence along the Vistula, San, and Narev, before the Poles even had a chance to fall back on it. As I passed along the North bank of the Vistula between Krakow and the San on September 5 and 6, the Poles were making a belated effort to meet the threat of a crossing of the river by the Germans pouring down from Slovakia. But before these even came in sight of the Vistula, other motorized German columns came around Polish Silesia from the North-West and surprised the Poles from behind. Thus 36 hours after the fall of Czestochova, the whole of South-Western Poland had to be abandoned up to the river San, although except for a few narrow tank thrusts, little of the territory had actually been occupied by the German troops. With the simultaneous disorganization of the hinterland described above, and the absence of co-ordinated mechanized Polish forces, the Germans were free to push long motorized tentacles deep into Polish territory without serious threats to their lines of communication. This situation enabled the Germans always to maintain the initiative, crippling strategic centres, surprising the retreating Poles by outflanking movements, and isolating the various parts from each other. The San-Vistula-Narev line was outflanked across the San on the South and from East Prussia on the North. Before a retreat on to a second Bug line might have been undertaken, the Germans were moving down from the North behind the Bug toward Brest.

The only answer would have been arms of the same potency, and at least fortifications. The pride of the German army was its technical arm ; that of the Poles its cavalry. A qualified Czech military observer described to me how at Pultusk, North

of Warsaw, this Polish cavalry was sent against an avalanche of tanks and practically wiped out by them. Just as real fortifications were absent along the Polish Western front, so also no advantage was taken of the inner defensive possibilities. As far as I could see, no attempt at real resistance was made except by the troops bottled up in the central area. Many recruits, called up too late, wandered about on foot, bewildered by the unexpected turn of events. I remember an incident when recruits of a village which had been evacuated by the officers, were ordered to join their regiment at Krakow, which at that time was already occupied by German troops. Few of the soldiers I talked to each day along the road from west to east had ever made contact with the enemy or been able to make use of their guns. From the first day of the war they had moved east step by step, hoping always to make a stand, but caught instead in an ever greater confusion. Each day I hoped to get out of what at first I presumed to be the front area into the second line and the hinterland. Often by evening it would appear as if I had got ahead of the retreating stream into towns where civil life was still functioning. But during the night it would all change, and by morning the town would be deserted with the authorities and police gone, with all vehicles gone, and all shops closed. I consoled myself that it would all be different when once I was behind the Vistula-San line ; and when this too proved illusory I pinned all my hopes on the Bug. But here the chaos turned out to be even greater. The military petrol supply began to fail. Civilian and military cars were strewn along the roads, deserted by their occupants because of lack of petrol or because of such an inferior alcohol mixture that the cars failed to function, while only a few days previously in the panic following the bombardment of Lublin I had had to wade through petrol 4in. deep on the floor to get to the pump.

Only when I reached Luck, the capital of Wolynsk in the eastern Ukraine, far behind the Bug, did I begin to realize that all was lost, and that the whole of Poland from west to east had become one vast No Man's Land. Then, like the Polish government and command, like all of official Poland who had gone before, I also took the crowded road south,

south, on and on, to the Rumanian border and to safety before the Germans could cut off the last retreat.

In the face of the bankruptcy of the military and political leadership the Polish soldier displayed a deep devotion to Poland. Misguided, uninformed, and deprived of an even chance to fight, these soldiers to the last kept on believing in the freedom of their country and the rightness of their cause. Nothing can be more demoralizing than the sort of endless retreat they had to endure without a single chance to face their adversary in the open. Even when they arrived at the Rumanian border, they still had the forlorn hope that somehow they would soon be able to turn and fight. The defence of besieged Warsaw with the heroism of its soldiers and civilians, was further evidence of this, as was the resistance of the troops bottled up in the Poznan district, at the Westerplatte, and at Radom. Their task had been the impossible one of holding the west and advancing against the Reich, and they were finally wiped out at Kutno, trying to break through to Warsaw. What could have been achieved if the population by and large had identified itself with the resistance was suggested by Lwow, where a German attack reaching into the suburbs was beaten off with the active participation of the civil population. Among these heroic defenders were the same Jews who were despised and mishandled by Polish society. If the political basis of the country had been different, if the means at the disposal of the soldiers had been better, if there had been some fortifications, the war might perhaps have taken a different course. The blind social reaction, the violation of minorities, and the consequences of a suicidal foreign policy made Poland incapable of defending itself as a national state, and delivered its people into a massacre that ended in Nazi domination.

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On the evening of September 14 the police arsenal in Luck was opened and pistols and ammunition were doled out to every Pole who wanted them. An atmosphere of strained expectancy hung over the town. The Germans had crossed the Bug near Brest in the north, and were invading the suburbs of Lwow in the south. But in Luck that night it was not the advance of the Germans that preoccupied all minds, but the fear of an

uprising by the Ukrainian population. As long as the Polish army was making a show of resistance, the unarmed Ukrainian population maintained a latent hostility, expressing itself at most in sabotage. But now that they saw the whole military equipment rolling in an endless stream south-east on the road to Rumania, the Ukrainian desire for liberation rapidly approached the boiling point. In the streets of Luck that day the Ukrainians walked around with a sarcastic indifference and amusement at the plight of the Poles. In a few hours this might take on a much more violent form. The Ukrainians, especially the somewhat Germanophile Luck middle class, were expecting that the German seizure of Lwow would be coupled with the proclaiming of a Ukrainian state under German tutelage. On the whole it was a question of the first bidder to help them, rather than a pro-German leaning. Across this also cut the undoubted hostility of the Jews and of the poor peasantry to the Polish landowners, which however was still more violent against the German invaders. I talked to Ukrainians who made their determination to become free at once very clear. I was present in the police headquarters when munitions were being doled out to the Poles. The German servant in the house where I stayed was waiting for the arrival of the Germans. The Jewish lawyer who owned it felt paralysed, as there seemed no course that fitted his situation except utter resignation. I talked to Czech colonists, and they felt that the inevitable storm might already have broken before dawn. That night I slipped out of town, together with the last of the Polish gold, in a convoy of buses assembled outside the bank under cover of darkness.

On September 16, when I left Tarnopol on the last lap towards the south-east corner of Poland, south-eastern Poland was laid bare right to the Rumanian frontier. Lwow had temporarily beaten back the advance, but was rapidly being encircled. The only remaining organized resistance was from the troops bottled up at Kutno and Warsaw. The government had disappeared and could not be located, save for an evacuation commissioner, the former Governor of Krakow province, who was supervising the evacuation into Rumania. By this time no further attempt was being made to reform the scattered troops. Instructions now were to rush everything across the border to

save it from German capture, and a long line of military vehicles, moveable cannon, ambulances, tanks, lorries, and aeroplanes overhead were moving through the remaining unconquered salient towards Rumania. The south-eastern corner of Poland was overcrowded with refugees and equipment, while the German bombers came over and tried to disorganize even this miserable stream. The disintegration was complete, and eastern Poland was ready to bow to an " independence " at the hands of Hitler.

It was at this critical moment on the night from the 16th to the 17th that Russian troops began to cross over on to Polish territory all along the eastern border. For months before the war, the possibility of Russian help as part of a general defensive system had been visualized among the population, and even during the war there were often rumours to this effect. Despite the break-down of the Anglo-Russian negotiations, it was hopefully said that Russia could not allow Nazi Germany to acquire a foothold in the Ukraine. In the event, Russia did stop the German advance.

That morning I was still some 30 miles from the Rumanian border. The restrained evacuation of the previous day along this road had suddenly turned into a headlong flight in a cloud of dust. No attention was paid to the surprised officers who were supposed to stop and examine each car before it could proceed to the frontier town. I tried to find out but no one knew just what had happened. Some said the Germans had broken through behind us, others thought it was ahead of us. And then some began to say that Russian tanks had been seen. The lorry with soldiers on which I was, was stopped some 10 miles from the frontier. All traffic was diverted to the right. But as the road ahead was the shortest line to safety across the frontier, I persuaded the driver to take a chance. We got through to the frontier town, much to the surprise of the people there. They told us that we had just missed running into the advancing Russians. Actually General Prchala, the Czech Legion general, who was behind us, was captured, but released again after he had established his identity to the Russian commander. We crossed the high frontier bridge across the Dniester, and found ourselves on Rumanian soil with thousands

of Polish refugees, all crowded together into the hollow near the bridgehead.

Shortly after our arrival, a flight of German planes passed over Zaleszczyki and dropped a parting bouquet of bombs on this congested little town. They were probably the last bombs that fell in eastern Poland. There across the river a strange lull seemed to settle over everything. Then a man jumped up on to the bridge and announced to the thousands of refugees that the Russians had arrived on the other side in Poland. There was clapping and cheers. Then on second thought, discussion. Some said it was the Russians who had come ; others that it was the Bolsheviks. And so it was all afternoon. There were now two streams on the bridge ; one still coming out, the cars from Warsaw, the officers, those who were bound with the old Poland, who had trecked from West to East. But another stream began going back on foot—Ukrainians and Jews and peasants and even some soldiers. A lorry-load of Polish aviators demanded their arms back from the Rumanians, and marched back to offer their services to the Russians. Peace had come with lightning rapidity and the Nazi military machine and the bombers were falling back all along the line.

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Russia's action in invading eastern Poland has been criticized on two main grounds. It has been called the stab in the back which produced the final Polish collapse. It has also been represented as an armed aggression against another people.

The charge that Russia undermined the Polish defence against the Nazis ignores the actual sequence of events in Eastern Poland. By September 17 control of Eastern Poland had completely slipped out of the hands of the Polish state. Lacking any form of organized government or military command, there was not even any effort to suggest a hope of rallying on Polish territory. Meanwhile some 10 million people were faced with the spread of Nazi oppression over their territory without any means of resistance. The Russian move came at the eleventh hour. A further delay would have meant that Nazi Germany had not only conquered the Poles, but had enslaved the Ukrainians, the White Russians, and one of the largest Jewish concentrations in Europe.

The 12 million national minorities in Poland, were opposed to Polish rule which they identified with their unequal status. In addition the primarily agrarian population was also very restive as a class in face of the semi-feudal conditions imposed upon it by the large landowners of Eastern Poland. Furthermore, both the Ukrainian and White Russian minorities were arbitrarily separated from their larger national groups within the Soviet Union through the annexation of western White Russia and western Ukraine following the Polish-Soviet war. Their inclusion into the Polish state did not correspond to ethnic factors. Nevertheless, Russia was prepared not only to respect the integrity of this multi-national combination, but to defend Poland against Nazi aggression as a whole, as part of a European defensive system. But when the negotiators last summer refused such help, and opened the country to the German invasion that followed, Russia was not bound to accept the delivery of the Ukraine and White Russia into German hands.

There is no doubt that an overwhelming part of the population of these regions welcomed the Russian advance. There is no reason why we in Western Europe should declare that it was a violation when the vast majority of those concerned regarded it as the opposite. During the last days in Poland, before the advance, and the following weeks in Rumania, I had plenty of evidence of the concrete assistance on the part of the local population in welcoming the Russian troops which they regarded as their friends. A reflection of this could be seen weeks later in Bucharest where outside the Russian legation daily long queues formed of refugees from Poland who wished to return to their country. It is true that at a few points in north-eastern Poland, isolated military formations offered some resistance. But this is hardly surprising in view of the fact that the Polish army not only was strongly controlled by the ideology of the ruling section, but also was cleansed of all national minority elements. There was no popular resistance.

For the populations involved, the present settlement is more satisfactory than anything they have experienced during the preceding 20 years. There is no reason why a future Poland arising after the war should be dependent on the inclusion of

these districts. Events have shown only too clearly that Poland in the past was never able to work out a satisfactory solution of this multi-national combination. Even though a large part of the British press maintains a confused attitude on this point, the British Foreign Minister, judging from a recent statement, had no illusions, when he referred to the new Russian frontier as essentially following the recommendations of Lord Curzon after the Great War. Far from being a deplorable joint aggression with Germany as partner, the new status of eastern Poland is both a positive step for the populations concerned and the biggest single set-back to the Nazis since the war began.

INDIA AND HER FUTURE

By Sir James Crerar, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

ANY close appreciation of the present state of affairs in India and, still more, any attempt to deduce the probable course of future development, would necessitate a careful review of much past history. For the purposes of a summary survey it must suffice to recall some of the outstanding land marks of the last five years.

On August 2, 1935, the Royal Assent was given to an " Act to make further provision for the government of India ". This great enactment—and no legislation of equal magnitude and moment has ever been contained in a single Act of Parliament—was the fruit of many years of investigation and consultation. In it the utility of all methods of enquiry and debate was exhausted and the limits within which, at this phase of development, the legislature of Great Britain could directly contribute were nearly, if not wholly, attained.

The Act made three fundamental provisions which are organically interdependent. It provided for a very complete measure of responsible self-government in the provinces of British India, for a federation of the British provinces and the Indian States and for certain constitutional guarantees to cover transition to the juridical and factual consummation of what is commonly called ' Dominion Status.'

The first of these provisions was brought into operation by Order in Council on April 1, 1937. The second remained open pending further negotiations with the Indian States on which, for reasons of which some will be dealt with later, no conclusion has yet been reached. As the result of general elections held earlier in the year, the Congress party had decisive successes in three provinces and majorities in three others. A wise policy of conciliation towards the States, many of which had bitter memories of the activities of Congress in the days of its

irresponsible opposition, a determination to reassure minorities of the fallacy of their apprehensions and suspicions and, above all, an energetic and constructive programme in the field of India's grave and urgent domestic problems were clearly indicated, not only as the statesman's plain duty but as the most effective form of political propaganda. To have achieved such a policy would have given the Congress an indisputable claim on the confidence of the country and rendered any design, if such a design were anywhere entertained, to obstruct India's further advance politically impracticable. Even to have attempted it would have far outweighed in value a multitude of manifestos and manœuvres.

It must be recognized that the Congress ministries were confronted by inherent difficulties in the work of administration which had taxed, and not infrequently defeated, the best efforts and the accumulated experience of their predecessors. They had also peculiar difficulties of their own. They had never held office before and hitherto had devoted to agitation time and talents that would have been better bestowed on something more positive. They had made extravagant promises which they could never hope to redeem. And—an even more serious handicap—they were dominated by the central caucus of their party, which had not much regard for the needs and desires of the constituencies to which it did not recognize any responsibility. To this last cause was due a grave tactical blunder at the outset. There can be little doubt that immediately after the elections opinion among the supporters of the Congress in the provinces was for the most part strongly in favour of accepting office and 'working the constitution.' Acting, however, on the *diktat* of the Congress Working Committee, they made a concerted demand on the provincial governors for an undertaking in restraint of the exercise of the special powers conferred upon them, in certain contingencies, by the Government of India Act. It was obvious that no governor could lawfully contract himself out of statutory provisions which gave him no power of dispensation. The demand was, therefore, unconstitutional. To concede it would, moreover, have been a betrayal of interests for the protection of which, in the main, these powers had, in the general settlement, been reserved. Fortunately, better

counsels and probably the pressure of provincial opinion, which has generally been sounder in its instinct and more responsive to realities than the central Junta, prevailed and the Congress ministries assumed office without the obnoxious stipulation.

What India most sorely needed at this point was some respite in which the work of social and economic reconstruction, impeded by long years consumed in a sterile and destructive routine of agitation, could receive the attention for which, with daily increasing insistence, it clamoured. Other outstanding questions, whatever their difficulty, were not of an order to warrant any further delay and there was now the amplest authority in Indian hands to actuate a programme of reform sufficient to absorb the material resources and the best energies of the country for a generation.

The obsolete technique and ingrained habits of so many years of quite gratuitous wandering in the wilderness proved too strong. Genuine efforts were being made by some of the provincial governments to deal faithfully with their task, but again the central control intervened. The federal plan whose fate was still in issue was, of course, a perfectly legitimate target for criticism. But, if it was not of a nature to justify the diversion of effort from the more immediate duties of the provincial governments, still less could it justify the violent and indiscriminate propaganda against the Indian States which was the next *démarche*. The federal plan dissatisfied the Congress because it did not give them unlimited control at the centre. One object of this attack upon the States was to torpedo this plan, and it had some success in this short-sighted objective. Delicate negotiations were in progress in regard to the accession of the States to the federation and, naturally, the alarms and suspicions aroused by Congress activities were a stumbling block. This was another error in tactics. To have accepted the federal scheme, with whatever protests or reservations and to have consolidated their position in it would have been a shorter cut to such part of their ambitions as the rest of India was ready to tolerate, and would, indeed, have been a perfectly constitutional course. The course actually taken not only alienated the Indian States but increased the

distrust among the other parties and the minorities in British India.

This distrust was already lively enough owing, in part, to another unfortunate circumstance. It may well be believed that in the Congress Ministries there were able and public-spirited men who had no deliberate desire to deal unfairly with the minorities. But they had little or no control over the petty Congress 'Gauleiters', the subalterns of the party machine, who had no such prudential scruples and all the arrogance of their kind. It is doubtful whether the party headquarters had any effective discipline over these people. However that may be, incidents occurred well calculated to justify members of the minority communities, especially the Muslims, in their always latent suspicions of Congress politics. The result has been to exacerbate the tension between Muslim and Hindu to a pitch which experienced observers declare to be unprecedented.

This was the general position when war was declared. It immediately made it clear that on one issue, at any rate, India could be united. It was indeed to be anticipated that the Indian States, inspired by their traditional allegiance to the Crown, would once more offer their fullest moral and material support. In view of the delicate and searching character of the negotiations regarding the federal plan, involving, as was inevitable, a good deal of hard bargaining on both sides, it would not have been surprising if their ardour had been perceptibly cooled by the frigid wind of calculation and if their tenders of service had been accompanied by, at any rate, some hint of stipulation, express or implied. It is for ever to their credit that their response has been made with all the old enthusiasm of loyalty and that it has been unreserved and unconditional. Nor has the response of the rest of India, in all fundamentals, been any more open to doubt, though, in more than one quarter, it has been more qualified. It has been universally recognized that a Nazi triumph would import a special and deadly menace to India. The outrages of which Germany has already been guilty before and during the war, her philosophy of racial arrogance and the divine right of might, and, in particular, perhaps, her ignoble warfare on religious institutions and cultural traditions more ancient than her own

have been calculated most profoundly to move the deepest instincts of every creed and class in India. Whatever its worst enemy may charge to the British account, the fate of Bohemia and Poland has left little doubt that a Nazi *régime* would recall such things as have not been dreamt of in India since the days of Timur and Ala-ud-din Khilji. It becomes a minor count that such a *régime* would spell not merely the negation but the destruction of all her political aspirations.

On the positive side, there is more general appreciation than the commonplaces of current controversy would suggest of the great advance which the Government of India Act has effected and of the wider prospects which it opens. Further, in spite of the bitter war of words waged for so many years, the solid benefits of British rule in the past in the social, economic and industrial fields are too palpable to be denied except by those who are still interested to do so for propagandist purposes. Even these shop-soiled recriminations have lost most of their point now that the political power and the control of resources for all these purposes rest in Indian hands.

Finally, the spirit of ruthless and faithless aggression which is abroad in the world to-day—" the very beating of its wings " is literally to be heard—has brought more nearly home the security which India enjoys by reason of the vital position she holds in the general strategical scheme of imperial defence.

India, as a whole, therefore is, by instinct and conviction, at one with England in the war. This basic fact must be borne constantly in mind when we assess the situation. The war has presented Congress with a new and a vastly greater opportunity to vindicate itself in the eyes of India, of England and of the world as the authentic representatives of a great nation. The Congress has not so far grasped the opportunity. In law and in fact, India was at war when the Crown was at war and Indian troops were sent out of India without, it was complained, any consultation with the Indian Legislature. It may be that had time permitted, some such consultation would have been a prudent and proper course to take, even if it could be no more than a courteous gesture, but the fact that India was at war was an ineluctable corollary of the course of events elsewhere. The first step of Congress was to withdraw its representatives from

the Central Legislature. Then certain demands were put forward. So far as these can be formulated with any cohesion, they require that Great Britain should here and now define precisely the political changes to be effected in India on the conclusion of the war; and—it is not quite clear whether this is an elaboration or an alternative—that a constituent assembly, representing all Indian parties and interests, should at once be summoned, whose decisions should receive legislative sanction forthwith. These demands are evidently not practical politics. It is as impossible for His Majesty's Government in Great Britain to bind themselves in detail to any post-war settlement in India as it is to formulate and commit themselves irrevocably to the form and contents of the general post-war settlement. A Machiavellian mind might have accepted the proposed constituent assembly, with the reasonable proviso that its conclusions should require such measure of agreement as is required, for example, for an amendment of the constitution of the United States. It may be confidently predicted that no such conclusions would have been reached. The Federal Chief Justice has pointed out how ill-adapted such a large and unwieldy body is to frame the vast and complex structure of a constitution; moreover, the proposal has excited the most violent opposition of the minorities, especially of the 70 or 80 million Muslims. They oppose it because they fear that the institution of any unrestricted form of majority rule would reduce them to the state of political helots under what they call a 'Hindu Raj.' The Indian States, on their part, are no less apprehensive of a central government, in which they should have no part, being armed with federal powers which vitally affect their interests and might even threaten their existence. Under no pressure, from the war or otherwise, could the British Government betray these interests, even if it were clear, as it is not, that it had anything to gain by doing so. The existing safeguards must be in some form or other retained until they can be replaced by the consent of those concerned.

The Government of Great Britain has not been content with pointing out these difficulties. They have defined their policy as the attainment by India of Dominion Status under the Statute of Westminster with the least possible delay. They

have pledged themselves to co-operate in removing the obstacles and have promised an unrestricted survey of the whole field on the conclusion of the war. Meantime, the Viceroy has been authorized to propose means for the association of Indian leaders with the conduct of India's part in the war by direct representation on the Governor General's Executive Council and by other provisions for close and continuous co-operation. Lord Linlithgow has made strenuous efforts to promote agreement, but, so far, in vain. The response of Congress was to direct the Ministries in all the provinces under its control to resign. The automatic consequence has been that in these provinces the administration has been assumed by the Governors in direct relations with the permanent civil services and the great measure of responsible government set up by the Constitution of 1935 has been suspended. The Muslims have celebrated the departure from power of the Congress Ministries as a Day of Thanksgiving.

This, formally and superficially, is an outline of the position as it now stands. If that were all, it might well provide food for much melancholy reflection in the present and still graver augury for the future. But it is not all. There are other governments in India which have taken a different view of their duty and their interests and beneath all these alarms and excursions there are deeper elements which move powerfully and cannot but assert themselves. As has already been said, the attitude of India is unmistakeable and unshakeable. Her contribution will take a form notably different in many respects from her great achievement of 1914-18. It will be different, but it will be more massive and more rapidly deployed. Her man-power is more than unimpaired. Indian troops are already on French soil; it is well known that many more have taken their posts at other strategic points; recruiting offices in India have been overwhelmed by the throng of applicants; for the first time Indians have been recruited in England direct to British units. There is, therefore, every reason to suppose that in the combatant services India can at least equal her previous effort and that it will be more economically, more efficiently and more promptly applied. In the field of economic warfare, which is recognized to be of not less decisive importance,

India is vastly better equipped than in the last war. The position has recently been admirably reviewed by Sir Frank Noyce, a former member of the Governor General's Council in a lecture to the East India Association, and only a few illustrative facts can here be cited. First, as regards organization. In the last war an Indian Munitions Board did not come into operation till 1917. The Indian Stores Department and a Standing Committee of supply officers to plan a war economy have been at work for many years. On the outbreak of war, a Department of Supply was immediately established and an Economic Resources Board has also recently been formed. The development of old and the creation of new industries have made India self-sufficient, or more nearly so, in a great range of commodities—a fact which, whatever its ultimate commercial implications, is an invaluable war-time asset. In iron and steel her production has risen from 305,000 tons of pig-iron and 49,000 tons of steel in 1914, to 1,575,000 tons of pig-iron, 977,000 tons of steel-ingots and 935,000 tons of finished steel in 1938-39. As regards raw materials of special value in war, she retains her monopoly of jute and can increase her already great production of oil seeds, cotton, rubber and sugar.

These facts, apart from their direct bearing on India's war potential, have their political implications. In some important respects her resources and her powers of production fall far short of a completely self-sufficient economy. Nevertheless, it is apparent that, on the material side alone, she has already the position of a leading unit in the British Commonwealth of Nations. This must not be forgotten in any present attempt to estimate India's claims in the post-war settlement. It will not be forgotten in India. But the immediate lesson to draw is that internal unity and co-operation with the rest of the Empire will have a political value for transcending any constitutional forms. The forms will follow the facts; they will not create and will do little to control them. The obstacles to a further great political advance are not in England, but in India; the task and the means of surmounting them are in Indian hands. Self-government is not a thing which can be conferred from without. The greatest creative contribution that the British Parliament could make is embodied in the Act of 1935. Any

further legislation it may have to undertake is likely to be more a recognition of new facts than a construction of new forms.

There are, however, some directions in which Great Britain and her representatives may at this juncture render timely and useful assistance. While discussions are in progress or may be resumed, a prudent commentator will do well to remember that *incedit per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.* But this much may, perhaps, be said without rebuke. The Congress party, as has already been argued, made a serious error in tactics when the Government of India Act was first put into operation. A friend of India will recall with greater satisfaction that wiser counsels prevailed. There is something analogous in the present position and the demands that have been put forward. Nothing irreparable has yet happened; nothing, indeed, that mutual toleration and practical good-will cannot amend. But the traditional British methods of settling local communal dissensions are not methods applicable to a general settlement on a national scale. Great Britain cannot impose such a settlement; she can only promote it by mediation. But the limits which necessarily govern any such mediation should be clearly understood. Great Britain can undertake to implement any agreed settlement that does substantial justice, but she cannot undertake, in default of such a settlement, to impose any scheme of unlimited majority rule on which might be based the dictatorship of a single party. She cannot do so because it would be a plain breach of her engagements and responsibilities and because no plan conceived in defiance of the vital principle of government by consent could bring forth anything but disaster. Democracy is not simply the rule of a majority; respect for the indefeasible rights of minorities and of the individual is equally of its essence. On the other hand, the minorities should recognize that reasonable claims must not be made an excuse for mere intransigence if they are to vindicate themselves as yielding to none in their aspirations for India as a nation. If so much is conceded by all parties, much more can be accomplished without further waste of time. The wise course and that most appropriate to the emergency would be to follow the example of this country by the formation of governments representing all the main political groups The

immediate deadlock would be resolved and perhaps the way pointed to a more permanent and comprehensive concordat.

There follows the question of defence, which is not only the immediate question but has a vital bearing on India's progress to 'Dominion Status.' There are two directions in which British effort might at this time profitably be exerted. The first is the increased association of Indian political leaders with the prosecution of the war. The approach made by the proposals already put forward should be persevered in and pressed. It should not be excluded or side-tracked by debate on other matters by no means so relevant to present necessities. In the second place, it is to be hoped that the pre-occupations of the war, however insistent, will not impede or delay all possible measures to accelerate the ultimate aim of a Dominion Army for India. The formation of a corps of Indian officers with the necessary experience and seniority must be a matter of time, but Indian opinion would regard it as a strange and a suspicious anomaly if it did not receive a great impetus from the participation of her present army in the war.

So much for the present. In the endeavour to envisage the nature and extent of post-war developments in India, there is one momentous consideration which in this country should be borne constantly in mind. We recognize that the war will precipitate incalculable changes in the social, economic and political structure not only of Europe but of the world. We may agree that this is a necessary as well as an inevitable consummation. Let us remember that this will apply with not less force to India. We must therefore be prepared for developments greatly exceeding in extent and rapidity what might have been the prudential limits of a peace-time policy. Our dispositions, now and later, should be directed to provide that, so far as may be, the perils of a great transition be mitigated since they cannot be averted. In India the first thing needful is a clear conception of the end to be pursued, a determination that the realities of which it must be composed are not obscured by obsolete formulas or diverted by the vendettas of power politics. Independence and secession, as things stand and are likely to stand for so long as it is now profitable to speculate, are but wild and whirling words. To attempt to translate them

into fact would require vast armaments, naval, aerial and military and, to support them, a vicious system of economic autarky under the burden of which even India's vast resources would be exhausted, her social and political structure would collapse and her most cherished native traditions would be imperilled. As a dominion of the British Commonwealth, a cardinal point in its strategical defence, an equal partner in a natural economy of mutual benefit, and with a continually growing strength of influence in its councils, her position would be impregnable.

The plain truth is that the present time is an acid test of the extent to which India is, or is in the way of becoming, a nation : a nation equipped by her heritages of culture, her internal cohesion and the most advantageous application of her natural resources to take her place in a new world order in which a regenerated spirit of nationalism may operate not as a poison but as a salutary leaven. If she can now but lay hold of the things essential to internal unity, she will have the golden opportunity, which has rarely presented itself in the unforgiving history of nations, to choose, in pursuing her own manifest political advantage, the better part also in a higher category of values.

(*A second article on India and Her Future, by Edward Thompson, will be published in the April issue of* THE FORTNIGHTLY.)

BEYOND THE WAR

By H. A. L. Fisher

(Continued)

A MORE promising suggestion is that a federation should be formed between states which do share the same moral and political principles, which do talk the language of civilized man and continue to cherish the values which are part of the classical and Christian legacy of Europe. The League of Nations, it will be remembered, was founded on the assumption that its member states would be peace loving Democracies, sharing in all essentials a common outlook on the problems of life, and ready to speak the language of civilized man. And now that many of the member states of the League have ceased to be democracies and that some have turned their back on civilization, Mr. Clarence Streit, a young American writer, comes forward with a proposal for a federal union of Western Democratic States, of the United States, the British Empire, France, the Scandinavian States, Belgium and Holland, etc., etc., and with a scheme for devolving upon the federal Government the control of foreign policy, war, currency and other fundamental subjects. Mr. Streit has no difficulty in showing that were such a Federation to be established it would be a great force making for stability and peace, and that a federal union is necessarily free from many of the infirmities which beset a league of sovereign states.

That an American should propose such doctrines indicates the extent to which the European and Asiatic controversies of the century have affected the American outlook on the world. Politically America refuses to confess that she can be other than isolationist. Intellectually and morally she partakes in the great movements of the outer world and, so long as she may be spared the trials of war, is pleased that her weight should be

felt beyond the ocean. But from this greater willingness to take a hand in international affairs it is a very long journey to *Union Now*. In no quarter of the United States would there be support for a proposal to overturn, as Mr. Streit so valiantly suggests, the sacred ark of the American constitution.

The wheels of history no doubt revolve more rapidly in war and if this war should drag itself out and American public opinion be so greatly stirred by the course of events to lead to intervention, a recommendation such as that made by Mr. Streit, might command a certain academic audience. For the present it would certainly founder on the rock of American opposition. Even the prospect that Britain would be permanently outnumbered in the Federal Council would not appease the average member of Congress.

In a word I regretfully regard the suggestion of *Union Now*, in the shape proposed by Mr. Streit's book, as wholly and utterly impracticable. Are there not, however, short of an actual Federal Union, several steps which might be taken towards a closer co-operation between the democracies of the Atlantic in such a state of public opinion as we may hope to see generated in the course of the next few years? The annihilation of distance as Mr. Wells reminds us provides a strong argument in favour of large political units and also renders them more easy to work. With the aid of the telephone an Australian cabinet can get through its agenda though its members be separated one from another by a distance as great as that which divides Paris from Moscow. Downing Street talks to Cape Town and Canberra, and Cape Town and Canberra talk to Downing Street. There is now no obstacle to the conduct of elaborate consultations over vast distances of intervening space.

It would, therefore, be not a chimerical but an entirely practical project to extend the system of consultations which now binds together the different parts of the British Empire, or rather to base an entirely new network of relations upon the principles which have hitherto been successfully applied within the limits of our Commonwealth of Nations. Such a network need not be brought into being instantaneously; it might be extended gradually from one subject to another. A Joint

Advisory Commission, representing the different nations concerned, might be appointed to frame proposals for a common currency, which if duly ratified might be subjected to revision at quinquennial periods. Other commissions might similarly report and advise on other subjects of common interest. Again there might be a general stocktaking of foreign policy and defence carried out at a periodical Conference such as now every three years brings representatives of the British Empire together at Downing Street. Confidence, as Burke observes, is a plant of slow growth, and the degree of confidence necessary to support any close union is far more likely to be generated by the development of a habit of constant consultation on important questions of common interest than by embarking, far in advance of public opinion, upon an attempt to frame a Federal State.

The German pressure has in itself been a material factor in drawing closer the ties between the Scandinavian countries and the British Empire and again between the British Empire, France and the United States. One of the results of the war is likely to be a readiness for co-operation between nations whose sympathies in the main question of resistance to Nazi aggression are identical; and advantage should be taken of this feeling while it lasts to create some more durable machinery for mutual consultation than now exists.

It is tempting to allow the fancy to play among new combinations of States, a Balkan Block, a Danubian Block, a Mediterranean Block, an Atlantic Block. Such combinations may, if matured, help towards greater stability, but we are still brought up against the central problem from which all our difficulties flow, the satisfaction of the Germans. It may at once be said that Nazi Germany will never be satisfied. So long as the spirit now animating the Nazi party and directing the Nazi policy remains, the gulf between Germany and civilization is unbridged. A change in the German outlook is a vital condition both of German and European health. There have always in every generation been Germans who have taken a broad humanitarian view of Germany's duty towards the world, who have valued liberty and refinement of mind and desired to see their country's influence in foreign countries depend upon

the many contributions to the arts of man which the Germans are in a position, if rightly guided, to make. These Germans are now without voice or authority in their own country. They look on helplessly while their Government pumps poison gas into their famous schools and universities, and by its cruel persecution affronts the conscience of mankind. It is not to be believed that the Nazi yoke will indefinitely be tolerated. That it has now become unbearable by Germany's Western neighbours gives us encouragement to hope that some day it will become unbearable by the Germans themselves. If that happens, we must see to it that the Germans are taken into genuine partnership and that the strength of this mighty and industrious people is used not against but in aid of the general welfare of the world.

When the States of Europe (including the British Empire, the members of which should now draw closer together) have received their new formations, they will, let us hope, be grouped in a League under a new constitution, but availing itself of the machinery, the personnel and the traditions of the *Société des Nations* which met for the first time at Geneva in November, 1920. There might be some advantage in a stipulation that the Assemblies of the League should be held periodically in a German city. It should be one of the functions of the League to frame a scheme for the progressive diminution of armaments and to supervise its execution.

Politics however are not enough. The war economy of the self-sufficing states is both a consequence and a cause of that international mistrust which breeds such misery in the world and has lead to this catastrophe. A freer trade is essential to the economic convalescence of Europe. Everybody knows this. All the experts are agreed upon it. There can be no question that if the affairs of the world were settled by long-headed disinterested men in the general interest either reciprocal trade agreements would be multiplied or tariff barriers would everywhere be lowered and some temporary pooling system established by which for a given period of years loss of customs revenue might be partially made good on a proportionate basis. Freer trade (including access to colonial markets) would not, of itself, ensure peace, but we have only to call in mind the sensible improvement in Anglo-American relations resulting from the

very small instalment of free trade contained in the Anglo-American agreement, to realize how great an effect might be expected from the adoption of a wide plan for the gradual lowering of tariffs, even if no great reduction were effected at any one stage. A beginning might be made even now by a Zollverein of the Balkan States.

I note that the Labour Party has put forward proposals for an international army and for the international government under mandates of the Colonial possessions of European powers. Since the Labour Party may one day be called upon to govern the country its recommendations deserve careful study, the more so since each branch of its policy has in the past received support from responsible French and British statesmen. M. Bourgeois, for instance, was a leading figure among the many Frenchmen in public life who at the end of the last war advocated the establishment of an international police force, while Mr. Lloyd George was a vigorous advocate of a much wider extension of the colonial mandate system than France and the Dominion Premiers were at that time willing to concede. There is nothing novel then about these ideas. Most people who have been thinking about politics seriously in this country must be asking themselves whether a plan so directly calculated to deliver mankind from the fear of war is in fact practicable. The difficulties, of course, are very great. All the nations of the world must in the first place be brought to agree to the limitation of their armaments by land, air and sea, to a figure corresponding to the needs of internal police and the discharge of international obligations, and on no account to increase their armaments beyond that limit. Our experience gleaned from the efforts of the League to hammer out an all round scheme of disarmament show how difficult it is to reach any such understanding. We move in a region in which no principle of arithmetical justice survives the shock of fear, resentment or ambition. The late Lord Esher was bold enough to propose a simple plan ; the figure of 100,000 prescribed for the Germans in the Treaty of Versailles was to be taken as a basis and the size of other armies related to that figure as the population of other countries were related to the population of Germany. It is hardly necessary to say that France refused to look at a proposal

which would have left her with an army of 50,000 men. And even though an addition was allowed in respect of French colonial establishments it was not to be expected that such an allowance would be welcome to the Germans, one of whose grievances against France is her possession of that wide tract of Northern and Central Africa, whose admirable levies helped her in the late war to balance the numerical superiority of her adversaries.

Let it also be remembered that this limitation of national armies, if it is to be founded on principles of justice and effectively observed must not be limited to Europe alone. Asia, North America and Africa must be included in the scheme. If, for instance, it should be the case that China has on foot 10 million armed men, the fact will have repercussions throughout the world. There must be world-wide agreement as to the figures and world-wide supervision to secure that the figures are observed. It is generally thought, though the argument is open to question, that the abolition of the private manufacture of armaments will facilitate the adoption and maintenance of this system of limitation. I regard the abolition of the private manufacture of armaments as a matter of quite secondary importance, provided that all manufacture is strictly controlled and that armament profits are limited. The really valuable measure, if this could be carried out and enforced, would be an all round limitation of the size of national armies, supplemented by a further agreement only to permit such military aircraft as might be employed as part of an international police force. Our Labour Party advocates the formation of such an international police force. Where, however, is the force to be stationed and by whose authority is it to be moved ? Immense and formidable questions, only to be solved by a conscientious and world-wide determination to allow no obstacle founded on national pride and prejudice however formidable to stand between the world and the preservation of peace. From such a mood Asia and Europe and America are now far removed.

A shorter easier and more practical method of reducing international mistrust would be the abolition of military aircraft altogether. At the end of the last war the vanquished countries were successfully deprived of certain offensive weapons of war.

The same kind of machinery which was employed then in relation to the armaments of a few powers might be employed at the conclusion of this war in relation to all powers. There can be little question but that the abolition of military aviation would bring such immeasurable relief to the whole human species that the great technical interest caused by its rapid development coupled with the extraordinary feats of headlong daring which military flying has brought in its train ought not to be allowed to obstruct this essential reform. Here again the difficulties are immense. The countries, weak in military aviation would welcome the change; those, like Japan, which are strong in their air arm would probably reject it.

Opinion must be educated. There are few human inventions which have so greatly reduced the general happiness of mankind as the invention of military aviation, or which are likely to lead to so much precautionary unproductive expenditure. There are few on the other hand which appeal so much to youthful imagination. The mass brutalities of mechanical warfare on land are contrasted with the feats of individual daring of the aviator. In all aviation, however, there is an exhilarating sense of human achievement which in the beautiful art of gliding reaches the highest pitch. It is not necessary to associate the conquest of the air with the butchery of innocent folk living on the earth. On every count a concentrated effort should be made to cleanse the air of military machines of every sort and description. Nothing could more effectively contribute to restore man's faith in the return of sanity to the world than success in this endeavour.

I note that schemes are put out in this country for placing much of Africa under international government. This, however, is one of the many questions which the British Commonwealth of Nations cannot solve single handed. Here we must march in strict collaboration with our French allies and with due recognition of the desires and needs of the natives of the African continent. We have a pretty clear notion of what the Africans are feeling about the present German Government and its chief. One of the most surprising results of the war has been the rush of the Africans to the French Colours. "What", asks M. Mandel, the French Colonial Minister, "is the profound

explanation of this prodigious crusade? It is because the native populations have been long aware that our country, which has brought them security and justice, knows no religious or racial distinctions between man and man, and that, after having improved their lot, it labours to incorporate them into the national life. As against this the native populations are aware that the German propaganda is founded upon a conception of racial superiority. It is the chief of the Reich himself who, in the master-book in which he has formulated his programme, has treated the negroes as half-monkeys (*demi-singes*), and has accused of 'criminal folly' those Governments of the white race who have 'sinned' he says, 'against the creator' in according them political rights. From that moment, how could these negroes not feel themselves directly menaced by the colonial claims of Germany? Meditate upon this fact of high importance; the peoples of the black race consider that the victory of Germany would expose them to the greatest peril which they have encountered since the abolition of slavery."

In view of these developments it is difficult to believe that France will ever willingly consent to the admission of an unregenerate Nazi Germany to an effective share in the government of African peoples. What might happen were the Nazis to be overthrown is an entirely different matter. Indeed one of the many difficulties in the way of any minute specification of peace projects is the uncertainty as to the character of the Germany with which we shall be compelled to deal when the war is over. Will Germany then be Nazi or Red, social democrat or nationalist? Will the Catholic and Protestant Churches make themselves felt against the votaries of Wodin? Will a Government emerge from among the Germans in whom their neighbours and enemies can repose confidence or will the Nazi fires die down only to burn again as fiercely as before? The character of the settlement will be related to these differing contingencies.

The attitude of the United States is another factor which cannot fail finally to influence the future settlement of Europe. The United States may succeed in preserving an attitude of political detachment from the European struggle. That is one

possibility. Another is that the United States may find herself against her original intention and desire sucked into the vortex, but withdraw from Europe as soon as peace is struck. That is what happened in the last war. But there is a third possibility, which, were it to be realized, would put an entirely different complexion on the European settlement, and that is that the United States, whether actively drawn in or not, should undertake to assume an active responsibility in the sustentation of European peace. There is no country which would benefit more than Germany were this third alternative to be realized.

What then is our conclusion? It is first that anything in the nature of a full statement of peace aims, seeing that this must be the joint work of the French and British Governments and must depend upon such uncertain factors as the duration of the war, the nature of the German Government and the action of the United States, is at present premature, that the stability of the European fabric would be improved were local consent to be obtained for a Balkan, a Danubian and possibly that of a Polish-Lithuanian Federation; that the time has come when the various members of the British Commonwealth having asserted their national right of independence might usefully draw more closely to the mother country; that by periodical consultations, advisory councils and special standing commissions, the links between the democracies of the Western world might be strengthened and multiplied; that a great effort should be made after the war to put down military aviation throughout the world and at once to lower the tariff barriers which are ruining Europe.

There remains the question of Germany, the insistent, the formidable question of Germany. The war is not likely to facilitate the solution of the German question. For many years and even generations the world may continue to suffer from the uneasy strivings of this formidable and ambitious people to win for itself a more considerable place in the sun. But another alternative is conceivable. It may be a lesson of this war for the Germans that the crushing burden of armaments necessary to challenge with success the Western Democracies is not worth the price, that an economic penetration of Russia, the Balkans

and Asia Minor would be a less costly and much more profitable enterprise, and that in the long run it would be more to the advantage of the German people to co-operate with their Western neighbours than to endeavour to destroy them. Were such to be the evolution of German policy, the formation of a West European block within the League might be possible and fruitful. In the last analysis the Italians and French, British and Germans have much in common, Greece, Rome, Christianity, the universal language of music, philosophy and science, an almost homogeneous village life. There is, despite the long and melancholy tale of European wars, a common foundation of European culture. Much of that precious inheritance the Germans under their present leadership renounce. But this Nazi fever will not infect the body politic for all time. Hard experience will bring its lesson. The bad diplomatic tradition of the bumptious parvenu power working through perpetual menaces of war will break on the wheels of history, the fiery racialism will lose its appeal, the grandiose historical generalization will prove delusive. Other leaders will arise who will lay stress not on the hatefulness of Germany's neighbours, but upon the many things which the leading peoples in Europe have in common. For we Europeans are more of a piece than the political fanatics would have us believe, and there are things less likely than that France and Britain will at last find a *modus vivendi* with the Germans and Italians, who have helped with them to build up the fabric of European civilization. When and how such an understanding may be reached we cannot say, but since, without such a settlement there can be no durable peace, we may hope that when the guns have ceased to fire, men of good-will will endeavour to reach it.

(*Concluded*)

THE EQUALIZATION OF EDUCATION

By Sir Charles Trevelyan

THE Government meant well in their evacuation scheme when this war started. They thought first about the children. But their plans have been in the aggregate a failure. Evacuation was not compulsory. Therefore more than half the children of the great cities affected never left home or have by now returned from their billets. The major part of our town children were left for four months to roam the streets.

A new start has got to be made. Certain experience has been obtained and seems to point the way for the immediate future. Whatever is done should be compulsory in order that proper school organization may be preserved. Evacuation under certain conditions has definite advantages. The city child soon likes the country and gains by living there. Wherever there is communal feeding the health of the city child is improved whether the homes from which they come are poor or well-provided. The most successful schools evacuated are those which have been kept together as units.

If an era of bombing begins this year and there is to be a new exodus by the apprehensive city populations, the Government ought to remove whole schools and find accommodation for them in large houses requisitioned for the purpose in the safer areas. The billetting on cottagers and small householders cannot be anything more than an emergency arrangement or become universal. The clash of personalities and call on regulated goodwill cannot stand a prolonged strain. But the establishment of country boarding schools instead of day schools for city children is likely to be a greater gain for them than for the children of the well-to-do, who as a class adopt it as a general rule. But it has got to be done on a handsome and fearless scale to meet the situation and not, as

is now proposed, on a basis of voluntary registration, and an undertaking to send the children away and to leave them in the reception areas. The Government ought now to be scheduling all the country mansions, camps and large buildings available for a prolonged exodus of the children. To keep education going on at least a level with its pre-war efficiency ought to be our present demand, whatever other social services or amenities or personal prosperities have to pay for it.

A much bigger question is what will happen to education after this war. It would be an error to assume that a return to normal is then likely to meet the demands of the time. In every direction at present men and women are envisaging after the war a world entirely different from the collapsing society which maintained itself precariously for twenty years between the two great wars. The new international security is expected to be of a different order from that of 1920 and 1939.

But if there is a more democratic frame to the new international world it must have its counterpart in a more democratic society at home. The demand for an equalitarian world will be pressed as it never has been before.

Our education system has many merits and greater possibilities. There is a not illiberal system of opportunities through which the clever children of the masses can go to secondary schools and the best of them to the universities. In spite of this educational ladder our system is frankly undemocratic. It creates and maintains class separation. In education in Britain there are two nations. The well-to-do have their own system. They do not use the elementary schools at all for their children. From small private schools their boys go on to expensive so-called public schools, which are the opposite of public in character. Whether clever or brainless their sons go on to the universities as of right. Though the workers are not excluded from the universities by name it is only the clever few who get grants and scholarships who can enter from below this promised land.

The worst result of the present situation is that (of these two sections of the population) as far as education is concerned, the well-to-do are a satisfied nation. Being politically the most powerful they have not shown themselves enthusiastic about

increasing taxes and rates to the extent necessary to give equal opportunities to the whole population to those which they enjoy themselves. In the last 15 years there has been no progress. A sham measure for raising the school age was passed and simultaneously a considerable restriction of the free opportunities for advanced education. Quite clearly in the era out of which we are passing, the limit had been reached of the kind of educational opportunities which the mass of the people could expect. The creed within which we have hitherto confined our national policy runs something like this : " The industries of the country demand the rise from the ranks of the cleverest to become the managers and foremen of industry. Therefore popular education should give a good chance to exceptional brains. But universal education would make the workers feel their power, and make them want, as a class, to exercise control."

These are the old governing conceptions which cannot survive this war. The defeat of Fascism means a democratic conception which goes far further. If there is to be victory for our democracies it must mean real democracy at home, which will in general terms be a determination on the part of the working masses to have some control over their own lives. In some form, democracy in industry must come. That is to say that democracy shall be applied to the industries in which the people work as it is already applied to municipal and national affairs. Resistance to economic change is bound to be great, but there is no need to expect the same kind of resistance to the equalization of education which must accompany economic change and make it possible. Nowhere more than in education is the contrast greater between Fascism and the democracies. In the Universities of Germany under Fascism there are half the students there were before the Hitler *régime*. The progress of the great democratic countries stands in flaring contrast. But England does not lead the democracies. It will lag behind until it adopts a new conception of education, where the United States and Soviet Russia have already shown the way. In both of these great Republics there is at least a conception of universal education. In America, as so often, the reality lags behind the conception ; but in one sphere the contrast

is very striking. The United States has a university-student population of a million. Soviet Russia has more than 600,000; but in Britain there are only 54,000. This discrepancy is not to be accounted for by the size of the population in the countries. In both the expenditure on education has been on a scale which we have not yet begun to conceive. In America university endowments have come largely from private sources. In Russia all the resources of the nation have been at the disposal of educational advance.

When once it is admitted that no child in Britain shall be debarred from the best advanced education the necessary millions will be forthcoming for providing hundreds of new schools, and the training of thousands of teachers. The argument that we cannot afford it will vanish in face of the demand of the unsatisfied nation.

It is certainly none too early now to consider what the changes are likely to be. The main certainty is that the future after the war will be a time of extensive economic change. After the war, if it is rapidly concluded and even more if it is disastrously prolonged, the reward which the mass of our people will expect is that they shall not sink back a second time into the general poverty, unemployment and profiteering of the last twenty years. The ruling forces of Britain have got to show a generous and far-reaching readiness to establish a new Society if they hope to avoid such a clash as has never yet taken place in our country when great changes were impending.

The advantage of a revision of our educational standards as a first effort after the war will be that there is less here to create class conflict. The building up of knowledge, culture, health, character for the whole population can be made to serve many forms of society. It is quite possible for the greater part of our middle classes to co-operate in securing an educated democracy, and for all to work together with the consciousness that this will mitigate the difficulties of the transition to industrial democracy.

As after the last war, we shall have to face a situation in which thousands of young men will be released from the tension and boredom of militarism, wanting to finish their interrupted university studies. There will be the same rush for secondary education as there was in the years 1919 and 1920 which was

only choked off by the utter inadequacy of the provision which existed to meet it. In the Soviet Union in the past 6 years, 20,607 new schools and colleges have been built. Only one thing need prevent our country in the first 6 peace years from making an addition on a similar scale to our own schools. Has it got the will to do it? The wealth is here. The knowledge is here. For decades an army of well-informed, earnest and capable education directors, officials and inspectors have been denouncing the bad and unhealthy schools and the over-crowded classes, which spoil the efforts and break the hearts of many of our elementary teachers. Every year thousands of boys and girls who want advanced education and are capable of profiting by it, are turned on to the overcrowded labour market because there are not enough places in secondary schools and no provision for their maintenance.

The first clause in the new charter of a democratic Britain ought to be the right to free secondary and university education for every British child. Any party which represents the masses after the war is certain to stake out the whole claim.

The only question is whether as a nation we are yet capable of willing it without the turmoil of internecine conflict.

WHAT IS ROME DOING?

By Robert Sencourt

"I LOVE England, and I count on you, Lord Cavan, to see that our relations regain their old warmth." The date was last spring, the scene was Rome, the voice was vibrant, and the speaker was Mussolini. The sentence opened a window for a stifled world, and the window is open still. England never was in real danger of war with Italy. Before the Duce made his impressive declaration to the Field-Marshal who had fought as Italy's ally and remained Italy's friend, the aged Pope Pius XI a few weeks before his death received Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax with an equally arresting cordiality. He spoke of a grim menace overhanging Europe, pointed to the portraits of two Englishmen, John Fisher and Thomas More, and said to the English leaders, "You know better than I do what is in the English race".

Even before Pius XI died in February, 1939, the Vatican and Mussolini were coming very close together; and we forget too easily that it was to Mussolini's intervention that we owed deliverance on September 29, 1938, from the predicament of having to fight on behalf of a country not less difficult to defend than Poland while our defences were unprepared.

This intervention received no tangible sign of reward and, in the ensuing months, Italian newspapers barked first at France, then at England, but, as Count Ciano now proves, the high diplomacy of Italy pursued a course as uniformly favourable to the Allies and to peace, as Mussolini boldly declared to Lord Cavan. In doing so he was following a policy arranged with the Holy See.

Impressive statements which dovetail into the situation have lately been put out in Rome. One was the speech of Count Ciano, of which nothing like a full account has appeared in England. The other two pronouncements came from the

Pope : his allocution on Christmas Eve with particular reference to the war and the wide statement of his policy made in his first encyclical, *Summi Pontificatus*. When these documents are compared we get a most valuable light on the murky situation in which we now find ourselves.

For let us face the fact of the confusion into which we have brought ourselves by ignoring—if not countering—the two powers in Rome. We are not at war in the technical sense of trying to annihilate the enemy's army. We are, in spite of certain fine engagements of Air Force and Navy, really busy with sanctions. And there is a probability that these sanctions will not work because Germany's resources are good for two years, and during that time she can organize help from Russia.

But suppose the Allies could succeed in freeing Poland, Czechoslovakia and Austria, how could they maintain their decision afterwards ? In the meantime, then, sanctions, if successful, would begin by starving millions of the people they are intended to rescue. The process, of course, is still more sinister for Germany. But the obstinate fact remains that Stalin did much to engineer this war as a means to Bolshevism : and that he was not wrong when he declared that war works for revolution. When he had failed to inveigle the Allies into war over Czechoslovakia, he changed his tactics and made advances to Hitler, and induced Hitler to begin hostilities. Stalin immediately made great gains in Poland and the Baltic States : and he pursued his aggression against Finland. The Western World has had ample opportunity to estimate the malevolence of his schemes against which both powers in Rome have urgently warned us for a number of years.

Such then is the situation : it is above all uncomfortable for Germany ; but it offers no promises to the Allies ; and it falls in only too well with sinister plans for the ruin of Europe. These menaces bear on not only the belligerents but also the neutrals. They too are in danger as the cases of Finland—and now Scandinavia—have too tragically shewn.

It would be natural in such a case if the neutrals were to suggest a way out ; it would be natural for the belligerents to look for a neutral authority who could supply those counsels and means of mediation which would work for a constructive

peace. It was with this very aim that they founded the League of Nations. But as events have proved, the need was less for a political machinery than for wisdom supported by moral force. If such a wisdom, supported by such a moral force could be embodied in an international institution, would not such an institution answer the real needs of the time?

Such an international institution is one of the powers at Rome: in the Vatican, Christianity has an international organ with a palace and secretariate in direct political relation with the belligerents, and many other powers; and which is recognized among them all as august and competent. There are many Christian bodies sharing much more than what divides them: but there is one really organized and international body, with adherents as numerous as all other Christians put together. This Church appears to most of Europe to be the normal type of Christianity; it shares with all Christians the morals and ideals of the New Testament. Is it not perhaps reasonable to expect that where Geneva failed this surviving organism will and does fulfil the international need?

If we want to consider how the Holy See acts in war, we have every opportunity to consider what it did, and how we responded, twenty years ago. The Pope then declared himself against the violation of Belgian neutrality, being the only neutral power to do so: Germany therefore accused him of being hostile. He steadily pursued a plan for a peace by negotiation founded on justice. On August 1, 1917, he proposed basic principles to the belligerents. These were the reduction of armaments; the establishment of compulsory arbitration; free commerce on the seas; the cancellation of indemnities; fresh guarantees of Belgian neutrality; and the reference of disputed frontiers, including those of the Balkans and Poland, to a plebiscite. The Pope said that the war was becoming more and more a useless massacre.

How was this proposal taken? "The whole tenor of the document, and even the psychological moment selected for its despatch, tend to confirm the belief, unreservedly expressed by the Entente diplomatists in Washington, that it bears plain and large the marks of German inspiration." Such was the immediate comment of *The Times*—Mr. Wickham Steed then

being its editor. If the official reply of the Government was more favourable, there was no trace of that in any English publication. But Count de Salis, then representing His Britannic Majesty at the Holy See, said that what really wrecked the Pope's plan was the vagueness of the German answer which, after long delays, omitted to say a word on giving up Belgium ; and that this omission was more disconcerting to the Pope than a flat refusal.

The Pope's appeal urged finally that a solution of the economic question was supremely important for the future, especially for that for the States at war. The Pope in fact saw the situation clearer than any economist or financier who could make his voice heard. But neither side would listen. The great economic unit of mutual well-being in Austria-Hungary was broken up, Russia was pushed into Bolshevism, all hopes of a negotiated peace disappeared and Europe was remoulded at Paris and Versailles by enactments which I heard Sir Valentine Chiro sum up in the words *C'est une paix qui tient en elle tous les germes d'une guerre juste et durable.*

On January 1, 1922, the Pope, worn out by his efforts, and his sympathy with the sufferings of Central Europe, died. His successor waited a year till he published his first encyclical : but its theme in 1923 was still the distress caused by the war. He saw not only territories afflicted with hunger and disorder : he saw the nations still embittered : and diplomatic intrigue supported by the polemics of journalists. The peace of public documents was no peace; for peace is the relationship of mutual well-being, very different from the ruined industry, the stifled commerce, the deterioration of literature and the arts, and the class warfare which the Pope saw all too wide in Europe in 1923. Life as a whole, he said, was worsened, and worst of all, harm was done to the interests of the soul.

Who can deny that this diagnosis was accurate ? Who can deny that he was right in saying that advantages gained to the detriment of others are the very harbingers of disaster ? Who will dispute his warning that true peace can be found only where justice is tempered with charity ? When he prescribed " the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ " for the healing of Europe, he went to the root of Europe's evil. If Europe is at war to-day,

it is because the Allied powers persistently refused to listen to the counsels of this voice of neutral and international Christianity. And as far back as 1923 Mussolini, as Count Ciano now reminds us, warned them that it would be so before 1940.

Year followed on year up till 1936 without their taking thought for the immigration problems of their ally, Italy, or for either the economic well-being of Central Europe, or providing against the danger of German revenge. Up till March 1936, the Allies had the whiphand of Germany—for the Rhineland was still demilitarized. Germany, of her own free will, had entered into an agreement at Locarno to keep it so. The demilitarized Rhineland was thus built into the foundations of the sacred temple of law and justice in Europe. Yet, when Hitler prepared to smash this integral stone, he found his project easy. Poland, Czechoslovakia and France begged England to join with them in vindicating the law : and Italy begged it. But, Mr. Eden being Foreign Secretary, England refused to move, partly because a lethargic sentimentality for Germany had obscured her sense of the law : partly because the French had entered into a pact with Russia which had provided Hitler with his excuse ; partly because of her quarrels with Italy. Such was the final demoralization of a Europe that had consistently ignored the counsels and warnings of the Holy See.

From that time on the situation has deteriorated by each leap and bound of a German tyrant who had developed to the highest degree the combination of violence with lying : and at the beginning of September there was a clamour that the succeeding outrages of Pan Germanism had become intolerable : they had : but the *original* causes of the war were three weaknesses in the Allied powers : their failure to coerce Germany by economic well-being : their failure to vindicate the law in keeping a hold on Pan-Germanism : and the insane gullibility of at least one section of them in accepting engagements with a Russia which had sworn to destroy them. In all these alike they had gone flat against the advice of the one authority of organized international Christianity, as well as against the Italian policy.

But now the war has begun the allied aims cannot be clearly expressed, and the situation of Germany is constrained, miserable and devoid of hope. The vast process of ruin sweeps across

Europe as devastating as an avalanche; all the more sinister, perhaps, because massacre has given place to the strangling warfare which seeks not the defeating of an army but the ruin of a whole country.

It is obvious—is it not? that there is confusion. Previous experience suggests that it is worth while to listen to that same disinterested voice, those same counsels of spiritual wisdom, that same far-seeing sagacity which in the last war told us of truths since freely confessed but then truculently denied. There is, it is true, a very different disposition towards the Holy See from that of 1914 and the succeeding years. One great reason is that before 1914 the diplomacy of the Holy See itself had been sadly maladroit; it has long since remedied the defects, and is now in the hands of a consummate master. It did not then recognize the Government of Italy; it is now acting in closest cordiality with it. The Pope's praise of Italy is fervent. And what does Count Ciano say?

He tactfully passes over the fact that Italy asked for war to vindicate the law in the matter of the Rhineland; but he shows that she was slow to make her entente with Germany. The two powers combated the influence which Comintern had in Spain under the assumed name of "a Popular Front against war and fascism": but their leaders differed—not in violent uproar, yet very distinctly—over the subject of Czechoslovakia. Hitler planned and worked for war. Mussolini strongly intervened in favour of peace and secured it.

What happened in the succeeding year was disappointing to Count Ciano. In Western Europe the parties of the Left showed a revulsion against the work of Munich; and so did Hitler, who later broke his agreement and marched into Prague without consulting his ally; with equal disregard for his ally, he broke his agreement with that ally's friend, Poland: and did his ally agree that he should break his naval agreement with England? It was certainly not agreeable to Italy that he entered into an elaborate negotiation with their common and inveterate enemy, the Russia of Comintern and Bolshevism.

Italy's Foreign Minister has now vindicated his diplomacy of last year. He show that though Italy entered into a military alliance with Germany, she made it a stipulation that Germany

should make no war for three years; she did everything she could for the integrity of Poland. Three years was yet enough time for Europe to work out with Italy a constructive scheme.

Count Ciano complains that it was still the proposals which the Western Allies made to Soviet Russia which gave the Nazis an excuse to intrigue in the same direction. The point is a good one, and made with extreme skill. How indeed can the Allies complain of Germany's securing a pact with Bolshevism when they did their best to secure a pact themselves? The question is a general one, and would be a final indictment of the diplomacy of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax but for two reasons, each of which is overwhelming. The first is that all propaganda against Bolshevism was eliminated from German newspapers immediately after Munich, while Hitler began to transfer his criticisms from Stalin to Chamberlain. The second perhaps is stronger still; that Russia's condition for a pact was that the other side should give what it was not in their power to give; the independence of the Baltic States. Paris and London definitely refused this; Berlin ceded it, although she would be a diplomatic loser when the Allies would not. Count Ciano also leaves out of account Hitler's march into Prague which General Krivitsky tells us was arranged by Stalin in order to break Hitler's relations with the Western powers; a suggestion strongly supported by the welcome which Moscow's friend, General Sirovy, gave Hitler on his arrival. In fact, there is much reason to believe that both the Prime Minister and Lord Halifax were fully aware of Hitler's gravitation towards Stalin, and their object in approaching Moscow was not confidence in Moscow, but a distrust which obliged them to prevent, or at any rate delay, the Moscow-Berlin pact as long as possible. The French Embassy in Berlin has shown that it was aware of this danger as early as April 9th; and once the Quai d'Orsay had this information, the Western Powers had diplomatic reasons for approaching Moscow which they could not avow. The speech of Count Ciano also declares categorically that from the beginning of April he knew that the Germans were attempting to improve their relations with Moscow. Did he not guess it even a little earlier? And does not Stalin really vindicate Lord Halifax by his accusation that the object of the Western

Powers was not a sincere cleaving to Bolshevism, but an unscrupulous scheme to poison the brotherly love of Moscow and Berlin? Stalin met this scheme with some masterly double-crossing, but Count Ciano should consider the hypothesis that, neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Lord Halifax being lovers of Bolshevism, England's protracted negotiations with Moscow were both subtler and more innocent than our leaders avow.

It was early in August that the inner circle of diplomats began to know that Berlin had embraced what Hitler had described in *Mein Kampf* as " the abortion of hell ", and given the body of Germany to the boa-constrictor which he had prophesied would twist around her and crush her to death. Count Ciano tells us that he was first told of a trade agreement at Berchtesgaden; he did not, and could not, add—what nevertheless is now known—that Hitler savagely but unsuccessfully harangued him to join the new axis; but Count Ciano admits that he had no success in attempting conciliation with Poland, without adding the reason, namely that Hitler hoped that the bluff of his Moscow pact would discourage the Western powers from implementing their treaty with Warsaw.

Count Ciano leaves it to be understood that he joined with the Pope to warn Poland that she would be attacked on both sides, and that she had better make what terms she could. He did not repeat that, but we know from the British White Book that the Italian Ambassador in Berlin laboured tirelessly in the cause of conciliation.

The Pope makes it plain that he also knew what Count Ciano knew. He tells us that he foresaw as in a vision the desolation and misery that was about to overwhelm Poland. He said that he made every possible effort to prevent war by an understanding honourable to both parties; he states that his advice was not followed. Poland did not know the things that belonged to her peace; they were hidden from her eyes, as at a supreme moment the interests of peace had been hidden from Jerusalem. But nevertheless, the Pope spoke in the firmest terms of his continual loyalty to Poland. It has, he said, a right to the generous and brotherly sympathy of the whole world as it waits its resurrection according to the principles of justice.

We must remember, when he says this, that the Holy See is

acting in close accord with the Fascist Government. The Pope and the House of Savoy have exchanged their courtesies with impressive regard for their several positions of honour, and in an atmosphere of enthusiasm made yet warmer by a real devotion of the heart. This has been framed in one of the ceremonies which touches both the heart of Italy and the imagination everywhere of those that have a sense for these fine rituals of Church and State : nevertheless, there are marked distinctions between Count Ciano's speech on December 16, and the Pope's allocution eight days later. The Foreign Minister's speech is an epitome of history so arranged as to imply an arraignment of the Western powers for intriguing for long years with Bolshevism, and using it as a means to prevent either German or Italian rights being recognized. He says no word of protest against the German aggressions on Vienna, on Prague, or on Warsaw. On the other hand, he repeats the Nazi arguments, and supports the Nazi view. His contention—here amply supported—is that Mussolini worked to unite Central and Western Europe against Bolshevism ; that he did not think of combat for Italian interests till this plan was rejected ; and even then that he laboured for equilibrium and peace in Europe against democrats who showed too great a readiness to combine with Bolshevism for aggressive purposes.

It would be foolish to deny that Count Ciano put up an impressive case for his argument. But he entirely leaves out what the Pope had first suggested in his encyclical and reinforced in his allocution on Christmas Eve : the points that justice was sacred. Count Ciano does certainly admit that alliances bound the Allies to fight for Poland. But the Pope goes much further. He says that justice gives small States the right to independence, and that the idea that they—meaning evidently Vienna, or Prague or Warsaw—were menacing Germany was absurd. Treaties and engagements are sacred and must be enforced ; they are part of the august architecture of that justice which is inherent in the dignity of man, and in the value of eternal principles, which in less philosophic and more popular language, means belief in God.

The remainder of the Papal allocution, like the encyclical, has been claimed as a denunciation of Nazi aggression, and a vindica-

tion of the Allies. This is indeed very different from the discourteous rejection of the Pope's proposals voiced by *The Times* in 1917 ; but reading the text in full shows that it is only one side. For it is clear that the Pope shares with Count Ciano the conviction that Versailles in itself, to say the least of it, lacked constructive vision, and that Geneva was used, not as a means of justice in accordance with the economic needs of the time, but as a means to coerce Germany and strengthen the forces against her. It never urged France to disarm ; it never urged her to give Germany economic opportunities. It lacked provision for that change which Burke describes as the means of conservation. And the Pope suggests that, unless respect for law, and loyalty to justice, are strong in the hearts of rulers, then war can achieve nothing. The real cause of war is not ineffective diplomacy, but spiritual and moral faults.

This, as we saw, is historically true. If Germany and Russia combine to act in collusion and with no better intentions than they have shown in the last year, there is no happy outlook for war or for peace. The essential of the situation therefore is the battle for the soul of Germany. But since the outlook for Germany is quite as dark as that of any others, since both the Vatican and Italy have the ear of Berlin, since one can plead one argument, and the other another, constructive plans for a just settlement in Europe, can, nevertheless, still be put forward by them, and through them. They are playing a duet. Their common object is to save Europe. And what prospect have we of any solution to the difficulty except continued adjustment of the allied aims to those of the two powers at Rome, such as Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax have already sketched more than once. A constructive sense of generosity, a willingness to adapt institutions to the needs of a changing world, freer trade and lesser armaments, as well as a fairness towards small nations ; these are what the Pope demands. We have tarried long before admitting some of them ; but most of us are inclined to admit them now ; and Germany herself has nothing to gain by not accepting them.

The English may recognize the force of the case put forward in Rome; but logic for us English is never the last word. It is not easy for us to take a lead from the Vatican ; and one would not

resuscitate a word which since the war, by one of those spontaneous impulses which make a censorship unnecessary, we have dropped from our vocabulary; but it is only fair to us to remember, if only in the interests of research, that six months ago there was such a word as fascism. The English take things another way; if newspapers are controlled, we prefer it to be by such an interplay of forces as no one can gauge. If national power is exerted, it should be economic rather than military. We prefer to hard outlines those with the indefinable elasticity of democracy. Since this is so, many will prefer to lean for a solution towards Washington rather than towards Rome. Very well. Let them do so. The result will work out very much the same. If Mussolini is one side of the Pope, Roosevelt is on the other. For Rome and Washington have now entered on a collaboration which very few foresaw to help us where it seems we cannot help ourselves out of a confusion where all our resources are being dissipated with no final end in view.

STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

I.—THE LAND

By Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn

EARLY in the war Mr. Chamberlain gave the House an assurance that in strategic policy the Government would be guided by the advice of the professional heads of the fighting Services. He has now explained the machinery which has been set up to ensure that all questions on which advice is required should be carefully considered from all points of view. If differences of opinion exist they will be brought to light and decisions can thus be come to with a full knowledge of pros and cons. We should have the more confidence in the machinery because it is the natural development and adaptation to war conditions of the existing organization of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and not one entirely new devised for war conditions. The establishment after the last war of the chiefs of the Staffs Sub-Committee of the C.I.D. was a notable step towards the co-ordination of the activities of the fighting Services, and the later appointment of an impartial chairman of the Sub-Committee in the person of the Minister for Co-ordination of Defence introduced an element much needed to eliminate long drawn-out indecisive discussions. This committee is retained but now reports direct to the War Cabinet. The important point is that its members are well accustomed to review strategical problems together and to give the necessary weight to the factors which affect each other's individual services. The establishment of the Committee has, in fact, done much to eliminate parochialism and to ensure that war should be conducted as a whole.

The ministerial Committee on Military Co-ordination set up last October is, of course, a war organization. Though the three Chiefs of the Staff are advisers to it one is not quite clear whether

they individually advise their respective ministers, or whether they tender advice as a Sub-Committee. Presumably there is no hard and fast rule, although the provision in terms of reference of the Chiefs of the Staffs Committee that it should "investigate and consider in common all matters referred to it by the War Cabinet" suggests that as advisers of the ministerial Committee the Chiefs of Staff normally tender advice individually. The point possibly requires elucidation in view of the well known fact that Lord Fisher in the Cabinet discussions of the Dardanelles scheme, felt himself unable to express views which conflicted with those of his ministerial chief. We should, I think, feel confident that if the organization works as it is intended to do many of the errors of the last war will be avoided. If similar machinery had existed then it is hardly conceivable that we should have allowed ourselves to be drawn into the desperate entanglement of the Mesopotamia campaign; the Dardanelles operations might have been turned into a brilliant success; and Kitchener's advice on the scope of the East African operations might have been heeded.

Perhaps more important still we may hope, as a result of frank discussion, to get through this war without mutual suspicion between political and military leaders. Mr. Lloyd George has made little secret of the fact that he looked on Robertson as an opposition to be out-manœuvred, Haig as a commander to be restrained if he could not be got rid of and even the fact that Robertson and Jellicoe worked in collaboration awakened his suspicions. That the soldiers equally were over suspicious and allowed their judgment to be warped may also be admitted. A suspicious man is easily turned into an obstinate one and one chary of giving frank advice. Conflict of views there are bound to be, but so long as the machinery that has been set up is not allowed to result in weak compromises it should work well. Its main object should be to secure proper consideration of every problem from all points of view followed by rapid decision.

If there are good prospects that our own war efforts will be effectively co-ordinated the outlook as regards our relations with our allies are even better. It is not merely that unity of command has been established; by all accounts the fighting

Services of the two nations have come to a better appreciation of each other's value than existed at any time in the last war. Those of us who recall the undercurrent of criticism directed against each other's methods and achievements which then prevailed in both armies, cannot but be cheered by hearing instead outspoken admiration. One might perhaps discount as propaganda complimentary reports in the Press, but there is no disputing the evidence of officers on leave given voluntarily and illustrated by examples.

It is, of course, fortunate that this time our contingent has arrived and is obviously steadily growing before our French Allies have made great sacrifices. They are not, as they were in 1914 when the B.E.F. arrived, smarting from early reverses and failure of plans for which much had been expected. Moreover the moral effect of our acceptance of compulsory service has contributed immensely to a good understanding. The respite has enabled the French to appreciate the efforts and sacrifices our Navy and sea-faring people are making. The appreciation is all the keener because this time the French Navy is not tied to the Mediterranean but is actively, and with notable efficiency, sharing out Navy's task in western waters. Co-ordination in fact has already shown itself to be more than a blessed word. May it remain a reality.

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Finland continues to be the centre of interest and anxiety. Russia has begun to make full use of her immense numerical superiority both on land and in the air. Will the Finns become exhausted under the pressure of weight of numbers? On the long eastern frontier of Finland Russia has multiplied points of attack, but at no point on it is she likely to be able to produce overwhelming weight of numbers and material owing to lack of good communications. If the fighting could be confined to those points one could trust the superior qualities of the Finns to take full advantage of the difficulties of their enemy, even if at every point they were greatly inferior in numbers. Naturally, however, multiplication of points of attack makes heavy demands on the total available strength of the Finnish forces.

On the Karelian Isthmus the situation is different. There the Russians have adequate communications if they are worked

with reasonable efficiency. This not only allows them to produce a constant supply of fresh troops with which to renew attacks, but, and here danger lies, it enables them to make full use of their material resources—an unchecked flow of artillery ammunition, new tanks, etc. The Finns may be able to throw back one infantry or tank attack after another without suffering heavily, but there can be no escaping the constant casualties caused by artillery fire—and with unlimited supplies of ammunition artillery fire need never cease, though it may fluctuate in intensity. To gain a respite there is no alternative but to withdraw troops from exposed positions, and that, of course, is where the numerical weakness of the Finns makes itself felt. If reinforcements are not forthcoming sooner or later they will not have enough troops to find the necessary reliefs. But where are reinforcements to come from? The detachments opposing attacks on the eastern frontier and in the defences north of Lake Ladoga cannot be reduced indefinitely. As it is they are probably too weak to take full advantage of the successes they have achieved.

It must be realized too, that in the isthmus attacks cannot be met by purely passive defence. There must be local reserves for counter-attack as well as reserves available for relief. Without counter-attacks an enemy supported by artillery is bound sooner or later to make progress. A few lucky shells will knock out machine guns or anti-tank weapons and enable him to gain a footing in the defences. If he is not promptly driven out readjustment of the defensive line becomes necessary. Yet counter-attacks however necessary and successful they may be are apt to be expensive, if only because they are specially vulnerable to artillery fire. It is because in the isthmus the Russians can employ and keep supplied with ammunition, an immense number of guns that they can resort them to a wearing down procedure—attrition.

To guns it is difficult to find an answer. It is true they may be silenced by counter-battery fire at critical moments in the battle. That is to say the detachments which serve them may be compelled to seek cover. But the guns will come to life again for the chances of destroying them by direct hits is small. To attempt to get a direct hit means an immense

expenditure of ammunition, and even then a damaged gun is easily replaced. The advent of tanks has tended to displace artillery in the popular imagination, but in trench fighting it is still the gun that counts most. Tanks may achieve spectacular results but it is guns alone that can exercise unceasing pressure as well as playing its essential part at the moment of attack. If the Russians eventually succeed in forcing the Mannerheim defences I feel certain it will be because in this area alone they can exploit the full potentialities of artillery. Fortunately one may suspect that the Russian artillery is not very efficient; possibly it has been neglected in favour of tanks on which so far the Russians seem chiefly to have relied.

II.—THE SEA

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

IN January it was observed that Germany had thrown off all restraint in the conduct of her sea warfare, although it had not then been anticipated that she would have descended to the depth of attacking lightships. She now deliberately announces that the neutral has no rights whatever in the North Sea and the sinking of his ships is a just retribution to him for failing to observe the German fiat against trading with England. Apart from its effect in the immediate struggle, and apart also from the effects on the lives and interests of neutrals, this new doctrine of sea warfare which Germany preaches to-day does demand the most intense consideration by the whole world. For if the precedents which Germany is seeking to set up are to be established for the conduct of sea warfare in the future, the rights of the neutral will disappear altogether, war at sea will become one process of unmitigated barbarism ; and, incidentally the world can now get some idea of what Prussian domination of the sea would mean to all the other nations of the world.

Although Germany appears to have thrown aside all defence of her conduct, there is one exception to this in the case of Admiral Lützow, who, speaking recently in Berlin, has asserted that Germany is scrupulously observing the Mining Convention. This claim is made on the basis of the fact that Germany signed the Mining Convention with the reserve as far as Article One is concerned, namely, that Mines must not be sown with the sole purpose of intercepting seaborne trade. There was, however, another Article that mines must become innocuous when they broke loose and this is not observed ; but over and above the mere letter of the Convention, there is the old principle of the Law of Nations of which that Convention was merely the expression, that the sea is the highway of nations, that neutral vessels have a perfect right to navigate in safety and are liable only to interruption in case of their breaking blockade or carrying contraband. Being found in one or other of these acts they are

entitled to be intercepted, boarded and searched, and if they are suspected of having committed any breach of conduct they must be brought before a prize court and their case adjudged before the Court. They may not be sunk without any attempt to establish whether or no they are guilty or not. To pretend, therefore, as the Admiral does that Germany is scrupulously observing the Convention because she happened to have refrained from signing one Article is the merest casuistry. It is to be observed moreover that the Admiral attempted, apparently only to defend the Mining policy of Germany, but that he had not the hardihood to defend the sinking of ships by submarines, in defiance of the Submarine Convention and of the most elementary principles of the Law of Nations. He would have found it hard to find a justification for the sinking of the Swedish ships, *Orania* and *Patria*, both without warning or investigation of whither they were going or what they were carrying, one of them 70 miles off the Scottish coast, the other one on a voyage from Rotterdam to Gothenburg ; or to defend the sinking of a Norwegian ship bound from Norway to Philadelphia, or the Greek ship *Dracoulis*, sunk without warning by a submarine off the coast of Portugal. The list is endless ; one after another of these enormities has been perpetrated. In many cases the actual act has been made the more criminal by the shelling of the crews as they attempted to escape in their boats. Let us hope that the Admiral had sufficient of the seaman's ordinary spirit of the sea to feel that he could not defend actions of that kind.

In justification of the Mining policy in the North Sea, the Admiral fell back upon the excuse that Great Britain had closed the Straits of Dover and had therefore forced neutral shipping to sail in an area which was a British area of operations and thereby, forsooth, rendered them liable to attack by mines. The statement that the Straits of Dover has been closed is untrue. The Straits are open for all traffic, but vessels passing there have to undergo search, and the innocent trader who is not carrying goods to maintain Germany, is perfectly free, after he has undergone examination, to proceed upon his voyage. A further excuse in another form is found for this preposterous form of German warfare by Dr. Goebbels. The neutrals, he says in his paper

the *Angriff*, have been warned not to send ships to England and therefore have nothing to complain of if their ships do not arrive. The writer assumes that in war one nation possesses the right to forbid others to trade with the enemy. It is true that attempts have been made in the past by some of the Northern powers to do this, but this is a claim which has never been admitted, nor could it ever be upheld except by superior force ; it has no validity in law.

It is indeed interesting to observe the altered attitude of German writers on the question of the rights of neutrals. Writing in the *Angriff* and *Deutsche Allegemeine Zeitung* on the question of the rights of neutrals, the assertion is made that at all times the rights of neutrals to carry on trade with belligerents have been subordinated to the requirements of strategy. If the writers were better acquainted with the history of maritime war and the development of international law, such assertions could never have been made. Every beginner is aware that the rights of the neutral have been the subject of safeguard, that no free hand has ever been accorded to the belligerent. Certain concessions have been made to the belligerent, and the neutral has accepted certain modifications of his trading in recognition of the needs of strategy, but all of these concessions have been carefully guarded, and at no time in the history of sea warfare between civilized States has it been recognized that the belligerent is free to forbid the neutral State by the bare issue of a fiat, to trade with a power at war, with death as the penalty for refusal to obey. A feeble attempt is made to draw an analogy between the North Sea and the area between the Maginot and Siegfried lines. One of these writers observes that a car driven down between the lines on the Western front would be liable to destruction and maintains that the situation in the North Sea is the same, ships proceeding down the North Sea are in an area between corresponding lines and therefore militarily liable to destruction. The analogy is ridiculous.

In the last war, no cry was more loudly heard from Germany than that of the asserted illegality of the British measures by means of which the neutral was prevented from furnishing munitions and goods to the Central Powers. Then there was no cry that the neutral should not supply the belligerent.

To-day we are told that the neutral must not do so, that he is rendering active assistance to the Power concerned. and that this justifies the belligerent taking the necessary measures to protect his interests. This being Germany's attitude, she cannot have any complaint at the measures which Great Britain is taking to prevent supplies from reaching Germany, more particularly as they are taken without so far a single neutral ship having been sunk.

It is, of course, of no use whatever to fulminate against Germany's actions. The only way in which the law can be maintained, the law which Lord Bryce told us is the only thing which stands between us and primeval savagery, is through the action of the neutrals. In a speech in Congress on November 19, 1916, Mr. Elihu Root observed that if the Law of Nations is to be respected, the theory upon which the criminal law is founded must be adopted in respect to offences against international law and violations of that law must be treated as a violation of the rights of all, for the law which has been broken is the law of all. It is their protection as well as the protection of the State immediately attacked. These words of Mr. Root appear to be of particular appropriateness to the situation of to-day. The law governing the rights of neutrals has been broken, unless the great neutrals take steps—which smaller neutrals by reason of their weakness are unable to take—they themselves will find precedents being created from which they will at some time in the future suffer. It is not however merely in the cause of self-interest that this action is called for. Nations cannot be indifferent, Mr. Root said, to actions committed in deliberate and flagrant violation of the law, violation of the rights of one is violation of the rights of all, for the injury consists in the violation of the law which is the protection of all.

In the meantime it remains for the Allies to do what they can in the way of active defence both of themselves and of those neutrals who are ready to take advantage of such protection as the Allies are able to furnish. That protection at the present time consists mainly in the convoy system. According to the figures published in the last few days, only some 18 ships out of 8,000 have been lost in convoy. That convoy system will undoubtedly become increasingly effective, but it is probable

there will still be movements of ships outside the convoy system and some active measures will be required for the protection of individual small ships which, towards the completion of their voyage, are detached from convoy, and it seems probable that guards of some kind will have to be provided to protect the fishermen against attacks made by the German aircraft and submarines. Admirable as the work of the Coastal Command is, aircraft cannot always be on the spot in readiness to deal with an attack; only too often we read that after an attack the fighters of the Command have arrived and driven off the raiders, who subsequently disappear in the clouds. It appears that what will be needed is a defence which is actually on the spot and in readiness to deal with the aircraft when they make their attempts on the fishing and other small craft.

III.—THE AIR

By Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton

THE Red air offensive over Finland by now, the various News Agencies inform us, has not left a single town unbombed in all her territory, and the world once more stands witness to the brutal effects of air power wielded by the strong against the weak. It is an old story now, though its moral edge can never be dulled by repetition. Perhaps in Abyssinia the ruthless cut to conquest was seen at its very worst, for there the defenders of their soil were completely fenceless not only against the high explosive bomb, but also from the dew of death rained on them from above. In China the Japanese have used their mastery of the air to the same unscrupulous effect, showering their missiles on the human ant-heaps of the cities, and consigning untold thousands to their death. The republicans in Spain have had a like experience while the Civil War was raging to an end, their foe secure in the knowledge that he need have no fear of reprisal. Again in Poland the German forces of the air, with no opposition to encounter from above and very little from below, were let go like a baying pack to devour and to harry a terror-stricken populace in regions far removed from any fighting front. And in each particular case a nicety was added to the general rack and ruin inflicted without favour or affection by the bomb. As if the high explosive were not enough to murder and to slay, or to drive the people from their ruined firesides and homes, the machine-gun has been called in to supplement those devastations and to turn its stream of lead on to individuals and little groups, comprising old and young alike, who offered themselves in innocence as targets. Not since those far off days in history when a town could be delivered over to the soldiery for sack and rapine has such barbarity been seen on earth. War could always be mass murder when the opposing forces clinched in deadly combat, but now it has extended its sphere of carnage to include entire populations, not excepting the sick, the dying,

the child just brought into the world and the babe unborn. A terrible indictment.

From all this horror of fearful expectation and slaughterous effect the Allied countries and the territory of Nazi Germany have been so far immune. When great states go to war, it seems, a mutual forbearance is exercised in this matter, and for a very obvious reason. Fair play then becomes a jewel, and the strange spectacle is provided of a vast bombing power on either side laid apart, as it were, for a well-defined purpose but too inflammable for use. It is all very well to destroy by air attack the country of an enemy who lacks the wherewithal to reply in kind. But the shoe begins to pinch badly when the opponent can equally dispose of air power and, acting on the well-known principle of biblical retaliation, can instantly commence to place his bombs. The cruel thing about the situation is that it is the martyrdom of the little countries, victims of the air power of the great, which has disposed the latter to observe this mutual, though unwritten, pact of non-aggression from the air. But for their sufferings under the deadly, one-sided weapon of the bomb the great states would have had insufficient data on which to base their conduct when opposed against each other, and perhaps by now, at the end of the sixth month of war, the capitals and many of the large cities in the belligerent countries might have been in ruins and laid to waste. Such a state of affairs may still be brought about, but for the time being, and possibly for long to come, the bomber will remain a sign of power held in leash rather than be put in use as an instrument of devastation.

Meanwhile the mere possibility of a denouncement by either side of the mutual forbearance pact hangs like a sword of Damocles over the heads of all three peoples concerned, suspended by the thinnest of hairs. The vast expenditure on A.R.P. is exclusively connected with it, and a great deal of the disruption of ordinary life can equally be traced thereto. The bombing crews, we may be sure, are itching to go to work, firmly believing in their potentiality for mischief and even, it may be, mildly depressed at the frustration of their design in war. Only a spark would be required to set the bonfires alight. A mistake in orders, over-zeal on the part of a formation leader, a pure

accident, loss of direction in the air or one objective mistaken for another, anything of the sort which could result in civilian casualties from the air and the fat would be in the fire. The next immediate step would be an act of reprisal, and from that to a freshening of the flames of mutual indignation until the bombers on both sides went at it hammer and tongs, each according to a considered policy of air bombardment, would be a matter of hours, so quickly do such gunpowder trains ignite. It suits both sides at present to cancel out their bombing strengths, but the menace is ever present of air attack on cities and no motive of humanity restrains the enemy.

On balance this mutual restraint is probably beneficial to the Allies, but only in the long run. At the commencement of the war there is no doubt whatever that the Nazi strength in bombers was considerably in excess of that of the French and British put together, and the enemy has been building busily ever since. So also have the Allies, who are enabled in addition to procure first-class aircraft from the U.S.A. There are, moreover, manufacturing resources in the Dominions, both Canada and Australia possessing an expanded industry which will ere long bring a great relief to bear on the British constructors' pressure of output and enable them to concentrate more especially on the service aircraft proper, as against the need for training types. We must by now be overhauling the Nazi lead in production, though slowly, and the longer the truce can last the better, in consequence, for us. It is strange, considering the German mentality and their war philosophy, that they did not make full use of their preponderance at the outset, and do in wholesale fashion over France and England that which the outpourings of their leaders, by word of mouth and print, gave threat of doing. It argues weakness that they did not, and that feebleness of purpose can only be related to a fear of the effect on their own people of murder from the skies. It argues, furthermore, that if they themselves do denounce the pact, and have eventual recourse to indiscriminate air attack, it will either be an act of suicidal desperation or the result of an improved strategical position that will weigh the balance heavily in their favour.

The question of air defence has also to be taken into considera-

tion, and it must have provided an unpleasant surprise for the enemy that their bombers visiting our shores and coastal waters have so consistently fallen to our fighters. In one of his earlier Parliamentary *résumés* of the war at sea Mr. Churchill made a trite rejoinder to the Nazi threat of submarine production on a moving belt. He drew careful attention to our successes against the U-boat up-to-date, and then very plausibly contended that the result of more and more appearing on the scene must logically be an increased toll taken of their number. The same would appear to apply to the bombers if they came in quantity, for just as one destroyer can sink U-boat after U-boat if it only gets the chance, so can one and the self-same fighter bring down bomber after bomber in the same area of sky.

On the whole, as said before, we are benefited by the mutual restraint on bombing, chiefly for the reason that all the time we are creeping up on the enemy's aircraft strength. In the interim, however, he can find employment of a sort for his bombing energy, while circumstances deprive us of a similar outlet for ours. He can, in other words, devote an increasing number of his bombers to air attack on shipping in the hope, vain though it may be, that by such means he can complete the allotted tasks of the mine and submarine, to drive our traffic off the sea. It is likely that in the early spring we shall see a large increase of this endeavour, which may at first attain a measure of success. But in the end it will be countered by various methods open for our adoption, and in the meanwhile a heavy toll will be taken of his bombers. He will then have shot his last sea-bolt, and must stand confessed as unable to do more. It is then that his desperate ill may require a desperate remedy, taking the shape on this occasion of indiscriminate bombing over France and England. We and France, each to his own taste, will provide an adequate reply, and that phase of war which we so much dread, but from which we shall not shrink, will break in its intensity. It may well be the prelude to an Allied victory.

TRUE AND FALSE VALUES

By Lord David Cecil

TO an ironical observer, the most curious feature of a hitherto uneventful war has been the collapse of the English intelligentzia—especially the intelligentzia of the left. Up till six months ago they seemed, with the exception of a few complete pacifists, to be united in a militant front against Fascism. To resist it was, in their view, the first obligation of every human being; their thinkers spoke with justified scorn of English weakness, their poets, headed by Mr. Auden, adjured us to throw aside all other considerations and concentrate on " the struggle ". Now the war against Fascism has at last begun; and within a few months their morale is broken; any united front they may have tried to form is in pieces; the pages of weekly and monthly periodicals are scattered with their casualties. Some, Mr. Auden himself among them, are in America; others, like Mrs. Mitchison, clamour forlornly for peace at once on any terms; some, while hesitating to declare themselves against the war, seem to find it most unfair that they should have to fight it under the leadership of a conservative government; and hang back in consequence. But even those robuster spirits who have managed to accept the war without question, do so in confused and disheartened mood. They feel they must support it because any alternative would be worse; but they clearly do not think any good can come of so doing. " The war " said one of them to me, " is like a dangerous operation; it stirs no enthusiasm and little hope ". The fact that they now have the chance of defeating Fascism has mysteriously lost its power to cheer them up. They are even more depressed than when England seemed to be trying to come to terms with Fascism.

This is partly, no doubt, due to their being brought face to face with the actualities of warfare. The scale and destructive-

ness of modern war is such as to throw anyone into low spirits. Fighting Fascism is not so inspiring a thought, when one is confronted with the immediate prospect of the horrors it involves. Still this is not the primary reason for so violent a change of mind. The horrors of war will not last for ever. Science, which has made destruction easier, has made reconstruction easier too. Within a very few years of the last war the standard of living in England was higher than before : many wounds that would have killed people a hundred years ago can now be cured. No, it is not simply fear which has plunged the intelligentzia into despair. People never mind fighting if they think it is worth it. The trouble is that they don't think it worth it. For the present war does mark the end of an epoch of thought. Its peculiar circumstances have struck at the root of the chief assumption which lies unquestioned beneath every present-day civilization—the assumption of Progress.

Till the end of the eighteenth century the average person did not conceive of the world as naturally progressing towards something better. On the contrary, many of them took for granted that it was worse. They looked back to a Golden Age of the world's history—it might be Athens, it might be the uncorrupted life of simple noble savages—since when everything had tended to decline. Those who did not indulge in such fanciful dreams took for granted that human life was, roughly speaking, always the same. It had its good periods, it had its bad ; much of it was inevitably stained with sin and misery ; the best one could hope for was by combined luck and prudence to avoid its worst troubles. And they were further supported to face the ordeal of living by their religious beliefs. The world was only a transitory place of trial ; if they passed these trials successfully they would be rewarded by an eternity of bliss. With the coming of the nineteenth century this whole point of view began to disappear. The discoveries of science seemed to undermine the facts on which religion had rested. And by 1900 the average educated person was not at all sure that he believed in a future life. But in compensation science had presented him with the spectacle of a world which to outward appearance was every day growing better ; in which people had more to eat, were healthier, lived in better houses, and could

communicate with each other more quickly. Nor would he take this improvement to be against the natural course of human history. The theory of evolution, vaguely and imperfectly apprehended, had soaked itself into his general outlook. The nineteenth century may have been a period of particularly rapid improvement; but taking a broad view, man's lot throughout history was always getting better. Man's life, so far from being the same in all ages, was a shifting process in which the powers of light gradually prevailed over the powers of darkness. In consequence of this even those persons, who no longer believed in heaven, still were supported by hope for the future. The worst evils of life were steadily disappearing. If now men were not destined to see their final eclipse, their children, or their children's grandchildren, would. Anyway, such evils, as had been abolished, were gone for ever.

The great War of 1914 gave the first rude shock to this optimistic mood. Not only did man's destructive passions turn out to be still unpleasantly active, but the discoveries of science had served to make them more and not less powerful to perform their deadly work. The knowledge that had taught us to make anæsthetics had also taught us to make mustard gas; twentieth-century governments attacked their fellowmen as savagely as the superstitious forces of the old régime had done. This was disillusioning. And the immediate post-war period did go in for a good deal of noisy disillusionment. From Mr. Aldous Huxley downwards, the most up-to-date authors of the 1920's spent their time in exposing with ruthless sarcasm the hypocrisies of man's beliefs and institutions. But this disillusionment was not as deep as it was vociferous. The satirists of this period were not misanthropes; they did not criticize the human race for being of its nature bad. No, the assumption behind their diatribes was that the human race, though stupid, was harmless enough in itself. But that it had been led astray by Imperialism or Capitalism, or Victorian family life or conventional sexual morality. If it could be persuaded to listen to the voice of modern psychologists and modern social thinkers, disasters like the war could be avoided. Besides, this intellectual circle only represented a brilliant minority. The average intelligent person continued unques-

tioningly to believe in progress. The war to him was only a last explosion of the retreating powers of darkness, and the fact that those powers were strong enough to have caused such an explosion served as a sharper spur to encourage man to rid himself of the last relics of their domination, to clear the ground of the débris of out-worn institutions in order to build the world anew. "Progressive" became the great word of praise, "reactionary" of blame. And progressive-minded persons began to throw themselves into the task of searching out new policies by which Progress might be hurried on safely to success. The more moderate among them went in for the League of Nations abroad, and at home for a gentle advance towards socialism. The more extreme, intoxicated by the spectacle of the flaming bonfire of old idols that was roaring away in Russia, plumped for full-blooded Communism. Both parties did not doubt that the forces of history were on their side; and that the main evils they lamented in human society could and would be cured.

The twenty years that followed were not such as to confirm this faith. The League of Nations from the first showed itself at least as prone to human weakness as the institutions of former ages; and, when at last it had to face a really formidable test, it collapsed entirely. In no country did moderate Socialism score any great triumphs; and in two, Germany and Italy, it was defeated by a new and wholly unexpected force. Fascism, openly representative of all that civilized mankind must always abhor—persecution, war, superstition—rose, attracted enormous numbers of people to its support, and drove all other parties from the stage. It was clear we were not going to have the new world without another struggle. And when this struggle at last broke out, Russia, who had for years given itself out to be the only real believer in progressive thought, who, so its supporters alleged, genuinely put into practice the ideals to which others only paid lip service, first made an agreement with the arch-reactionaries, and then proceeded to make unprovoked war on a small and enlightened republic.

It is natural that the cumulative effect of these blows should have been shattering indeed to "progressive" thinkers. It is not only that they are forced to realize that the lessons of the

last war have not been enough to expel the savage from human nature, that the forces of darkness are still strong enough to be a threat to the very existence of the powers of light. The terrifying fact is that the forces of darkness come from what, in the progressive view, should be the forces of the future : the reactionaries, so far from being old people still soaked in the superstitions of a former age, are on the contrary revolutionary Governments, led by the youngest and most vital elements in their respective countries. Weimar Germany, so full of scientific enquiry and sexual freedom, has been destroyed by hordes of brutal youths who claim that they are the true builders of the new world. It is Soviet Russia, with its commissars and crèches and institutions for abortion and anti-God Museums, who is now attacking Finland with the unscrupulousness of Peter the Great and the persecuting fury of the Spanish Inquisition. Can it be that mankind does not really like progressive ideas and enlightened institutions? Or, hardly less disturbing thought, can it be that human virtue, unlike scientific invention, does not grow stronger, that war and persecution and superstition are always with us, ineradicable evils of this wearisome condition of mortality ? If so, even if we are lucky enough to win this war we shall only secure peace for a period, and that period may well be one in which the ideas cherished by enlightened persons during the last hundred years make no appeal. Disillusioned by hard experience, people will feel it is no use trying to construct a new world. The words " progressive " and " reactionary " will fall out of use as having no applicability to the actual conditions of human life. If this is so, it is natural no doubt that " progressive " thinkers should despair. Their whole philosophy of life rests on an unconscious, unquestioning belief in the possibility of future improvement. If in the world, in which they live they find no ground for such a faith, their whole scheme of values collapses. Certainly they are to be pitied.

But it is partly their own fault ; for the collapse of their belief means that it was not supported by the facts of existence. Their philosophy was not an evil one, like Fascism. The justice and toleration to which they aspired are humane ideals. But the idea of inevitable progress, on which they grounded their hopes of achieving them, was not based on reality. The analogy of

scientific improvement does not necessarily apply to human character. Plumbing and motor-cars may improve from year to year by a process of trial and experiment, but human virtue does not follow the same development. The strongest impression we get from reading about our ancestors is that, though the circumstances of our lives are different from theirs, their characters were much the same. Here and there you find a local and temporary improvement, here and there a decline. In England and Scandinavia people are perhaps more humane than they were in the eighteenth century ; in Germany they are less. The general level of European culture is higher than in the Renaissance ; but it would be a rash man who would claim that the most cultured persons of to-day had as rich a mental life as Shakespeare or Montaigne. As for " better worlds " and " enlightened institutions," the pages of history are thick with their ruins. To anticipate a heaven in this life needs a far blinder faith than to anticipate a heaven in a future life. No thinking persons will have to give up any strong belief in progress if their philosophy is to stand the shocks of experience. Let them continue to work for toleration and justice and enlightenment, but only because these things are in themselves good. Nor must they be depressed by the realization that they will never be fully achieved in this world. It is better to take for granted that the forces of good and evil in human life are constant, and that the best we can strive for is during our lifetime to do our best to see that the forces of evil are kept as far as possible in check.

Such a point of view, of course, involves a belief in the absolute and eternal nature of virtue. Good remains good even if it is not triumphant on earth. This is the religious view. And though the religious formulas of earlier times may seem obsolete, it is to the conception of life underlying them that we must return. Christianity has compelled the mind of man not because it is the most cheering view of man's existence but because it is truest to the facts. It alone combines a realistic view of human nature with an ideal which can satisfy the higher aspirations of the spirit. Christianity teaches that human life can never be made perfect. Man is born in sin, and sinful he will remain till the final dissolution of the earth. But

that is not to say we must acquiesce in his crimes. For we are only in part natives of this earth. Our souls spring from a spiritual world untarnished by evil. And they feel at peace if they obey the laws, not of this world, but of that world of the spirit. We must strive for truth and charity and justice, though we know that at best we can achieve them only in part. Even if we fail altogether it ought not to dishearten us; it is not by the standards of the material world that our actions are judged.

Nor need our misfortunes on this earth be without compensation. One of the worst results of the philosophy of Progress is that it has taken away the significance of suffering. If the aim of life is only to achieve complete happiness on earth, suffering is an unmixed evil, a dreadful, deplorable sign of failure. Modern thinkers, to judge by their novels, do think this. Their stories are as full of tragic events as "Othello" or "King Lear", but they produce none of the same feeling of tragic elevation. For tragic elevation arises from the belief that suffering, if taken in the right spirit, reveals as, nothing else can, the nature of the Universe. Lear is greater in his suffering than he ever could have been in his happiness. He faces the ills of the world and learns from them. This is the Christian conception; according to Christian doctrine God suffered for us, and it is in suffering, if properly approached, that we come closest to Him. In most modern novels suffering merely distorts and depraves the character. Catastrophe in them is no more tragic than a street accident. The adoption of a more Christian view of suffering should make writers able to achieve a profundity of vision unattainable to them under the flattening influence of the philosophy of Progress.

Indeed a less optimistic view of human conditions need not be depressing even to those who cannot accept the religious view of the universe. After all, it must be repeated, people did not take progress for granted till the nineteenth century; and they managed to be at least as happy as we are now. Neither during the persecutions of the Reformation nor the Napoleonic wars do we find the "intellectual" classes of society, lamenting that life was not worth living, that civilization was at an end. They enjoyed their pleasures when they came and as long as they

lasted. They did not need to be assured that there was going to be more and more pleasure in the future. They lived in the moment. They yielded themselves to the beauty of the world, enjoyed friendship and conviviality without thought of the morrow. Human beings can always put up with a certain amount of what is disagreeable to them if they accept it as inevitable. No rational person is made unhappy by the knowledge that they are not always perfectly healthy or that they have got to grow old. It is only the defects in human character, especially as exemplified in the social and political institutions, which blacken their whole outlook. They will have to learn to take for granted that it is not possible to get rid of these defects either. As a matter of fact they are much more likely to diminish them if they don't put their hopes too high. We should have avoided this war if we had concentrated on keeping the Germans disarmed and firmly punishing breaches of international law. We got into trouble because we took up huge schemes by which the very possibility of war and social injustice was to be eradicated. The jargon of the philosophy of Progress taught us to think that the savage and primitive state of man is behind us ; we still talk of the present " return to barbarism ". But barbarism is not behind us, it is beneath us. The savage elements in human nature lie always below the thin crust of civilization, waiting to burst out if we put too great a strain on it. Revolutionary changes do put such a strain. The result is that the crust of civilization breaks and the barbaric elements flame up through the cracks. It is to be hoped that the English intelligentzia are learning during this painful period to take a sadder and wiser view of human life. And that, if we are victorious, they will not urge us to build a new world in which the human passions that have disturbed man's lot since the dawn of history will be miraculously expelled. If they would remember that all human institutions, however theoretically perfect, have to be administered by human beings who are very far from perfect, they would plan less ambitiously and with more prospect of success. The Kingdom of Heaven is not of this world ; and those, who try to set it up here more often produce a hell on earth.

WALTER DE LA MARE

By Richard Church

MOST great writers enter the world backwards. They are people who have a long journey before them, a life-journey in the land of self-expression, and they linger at the outset, gazing back at the fields and roofs of literature, where they first fed, and saw, and felt. Those are the moments of "sedulous" imitation, as Stevenson called them. Later, they have to turn and face their own experience, a narrow and forbidding path, in comparison with the wide view they are leaving behind.

It is characteristic of Walter de la Mare that he should have been conscious, even in those early stages of his travel, that he was thus walking semi-Janus-wise. He even made copy out of his apprenticeship, his period of sedulousness, and wrote a prose book called *Henry Brocken*, in which the characters are not reflections from people in his own world, but re-conjurings of names famous in fiction; Rosinante, Annabel Lee, Jane Eyre, and the like. He said, with an artful confidingness, "Some perhaps who read of the personages that cross these pages are already familiar with them face to face. They will have nothing but contempt for such poor shadows of them as I shall conjure up."

But what is interesting to the critic is that readers did *not* have contempt for those "poor shadows". Indeed, they were fascinated, horrified by them. Mr. de la Mare's already alert consciousness—that tool which a creative writer must never allow to be blunted—was skilfully at work. He was concentrating and manipulating all the disadvantages of youth and its sparse experience in life, and he was making a beautiful and original work of art out of what, if allowed to remain unexpressed, would have been the usual dilutant in his work for many years to come.

And it is to be noted that this book, and all his work preceding it, was written under the pseudonym of " Walter Ramel ", which is another deliberate back-to-front stance.

But a victory, especially a quick victory, has its dangers. Mr. de la Mare evaded the long years of literary allusions, imitations and echoes which most writers have to pass through. But in evading them by so successful a device, he became somewhat the victim of his success, and made a habit of the backward search, knowing his own skill in utilizing it. Had he not been so skilful an artist, this habit might have circumscribed his genius. He might have become ' a poet of childhood ' ; a dreadful fate. It was a narrow escape, even so. Let us see how he escaped.

He is explicit on the matter. In his Introduction to Mr. Frank Kendon's *The Small Years* (a book which in my view is one of the most beautiful records of childhood in our language), he says :

> Nor is it merely the plums of childhood that in memory taste so sweet. A curious delicious flavour may haunt even its duff. The commonest objects—a cupboard, a mug, a slice of cake, a door-bell, an old rocking horse, a picture on a wall, the light reflected from snow, an old man's beard, his alpaca coat, the white of his eyes as he knelt praying—such things as these were somehow more themselves and therefore more enthralling. And it is not merely that growing older has bestowed on them a glamour evoked by time, envy and regret. Like runes scribbled on some grey old mouldering prehistoric stone, they had a secret meaning, though what precisely that meaning was we may not be able to say.

The key to his escape lies in that last sentence. Throughout his work, and amid all its variety, Mr. de la Mare has kept an unwavering pre-occupation with the riches of childhood. It may be this element in his vitality which gives him a certain affinity with the seventeenth poet Henry Vaughan, also an explorer in the same territory. But whereas Vaughan saw it with a Silurian, a Celtic eye, Mr. de la Mare sees it with more edge to his vision, a keener melancholy, a touch of Latin madness or excitement. It is to be remembered that he is of Huguenot stock.

So here we see him definitely exploiting his preoccupation, and thereby setting his style and his field of interests. He began at an early stage to see the world around him ; of nature, of man, and even of God, as a sort of cryptic writing, a code

message condensing the realities of a more remote, and infinitely most vast and august, as well as more terrible universe which lies behind the quick-silver of the mirror, within the candle-flame, under the rhythm of the blood, and beyond the fence of logic. So in looking back to childhood, he is not narrowing down his range of vision. He is intensifying it, guiding it through a sort of ravine in the certainty that by this path he may find his way to that universe of realities.

Thus both his initial success, and the subsequent danger, are re-exploited, and the artist emerges mature. De la Mare's thumb-mark is on all he does. His idiosyncracy can be recognized no matter what medium he is working in. And that is the sign of maturity. He has now reached such sureness of his own estate that he can dare to intellectualize it—during moments of certainty and comfort—without the fear of breaking through its fabric. This process is a necessary one for every artist. It is the means by which, during his ' off-moments ' he sharpens his tools and perfects his technique. De la Mare is never afraid of, nor tired of doing so. In his latest book, the massive anthology *Behold, this Dreamer*, he has a long prefatory essay, and in that essay lies a footnote which I must quote entire because of its bearing on my exploration of his development, and also because it is an example of his technical equipment. For here is a prose paragraph which is flawless in its cadence. Read it aloud, and note the swing of the sentences, the cunning pauses of the parentheses, the gradual increase of volume until the last word ' introspection ' rings home like a transitional chord at the end of a fugue by Bach. Such prose puts de la Mare among the masters ; Sir Thomas Browne, Swift, and De Quincey (though this last has a more subtle use of the colon than Mr. de la Mare, or indeed than any other English writer). Here is the paragraph.

> This " Unconscious " (so far as it is practicable) is now being actively explored—and the novice should fear to tread. It is a convenient but unanimating term for the reservoir of *elixir vitae* from which, throughout the waking day and at every moment of dream, is being drawn up into consciousness, even though it may serve its purpose unperceived, the imagery of recognition, recollection and re-creation. The submerged portion of an iceberg is the commonest metaphor for it ; but that of an archipelago of humanity whose myriad island peaks are connected under the sea may be nearer the mark. Intuition in part depends on its resources ;

and, past calculating, the faculty or poise or, rather, state of the mind which we call the Imagination. Its influence may be the cause of what fascinates or repels us in a fellow creature ; and for the mystery, *l'inconnu*, which Man in his devotion seeks in vain to fathom in Woman. Its precious metals glint out of the quartz of the confirmed ' character ' ; it inspires the consummate actor ; and more or less controls the born demagogue. It can be the devil in human affairs. Yet it nourishes the flower of mystical contemplation. It is the Hesperides of the Muses. As the utterance of verbal sounds with the vocal organs has its own sensuous æsthetic reactions, and facial expression intensifies the emotions it represents, so every natural posture of the body is the outcome and revelation of a state of the mind and of the unconscious mind. Even in the merest novice mimicry of the attitudes of the Buddha will induce some trace of the spiritual attitudes which they represent—a kind of empathy ; and any true understanding of a piece of statuary is at least in part dependent on a similar intuitive process. What—in any original enterprise of mind or spirit—*can* man achieve, indeed, unaided by the reviving waters of this unplumbable well ? A well lapped in darkness—and every metaphor is only a makeshift—into which we can peer only with the aid of a feeble taper, introspection.

You see from this paragraph, this footnote thrown in as an afterthought, what have been de la Mare's activities since the Walter Ramel days. He is still Walter Ramel, but with the consciousness of his backward glance intensified by the science of effort, of patient exploration. In between those moments of incandescent mood when his mind is in creative labour, he has been at work trying to find a rational explanation of what he has made, and of the vision which urged him to make it. He has been compelled to this by that ever-nagging sense of dishonesty from which the creative artist suffers about his work. He strives and strives ; yet by some queer chemistry the permanent and living poem is born out of a sleight of hand as it were at the side of that strife. So the resting craftsman tries to fit the two gestures into one, to associate them from a single impulse, knowing that so long as his effort at creation remains slightly different from the actual movement of creation, he can never be sure of himself, or of the physical validity of his work. As he says,

a poem, however ethereal its contents may be, has been packed in a material verbal basket, has been distilled into a transparent phial. Yet its symbols carry it as lightly and unobtrusively as a rose carries its dew, or an animal its nature. It therefore has a formal and finished loveliness which few dreams can achieve, but which even dreams may occasionally bestow. It is exquisitely at liberty in a cage of words which it is not only a joy to examine, but which is as necessary to all that it holds for our delight as the skin of a cherry is for the security of its stone.

All his life as a writer, de la Mare has been occupied with this

tremendous effort to reconcile the elusiveness of his sources
interest with the solidity of his medium of words. In this he
no different from other poets. The difference is in the strateg
by which he first set about the task, and the results achieve
I have tried to show how that initial strategy by its immedia
success also fixed upon him a habit of thought and vision whi
has helped to make his mature work what it is, and to emphasi
its distinction both in subject and expression. No other po
is so clearly betrayed by his phrase, his technical devices. Eve
sensibility which marks de la Mare's odd way of looking at li
as it were in the reflection of time (like his hero in *The Retur*
has an immediate hand in the forming of his rhythms, h
almost *private* emphases, his completely habitual inversion
One critic, Mr. Forrest Reid, has pointed out that so strong h
been the sensibility that the effect on the poetry has been
create a mannerism frequently in danger of self-parody.
the slighter poems this weakness is often apparent.

And the danger does not end there, in technical matter
The whole temper of his work, which I believe has been part
conditioned by that almost facile early maturing, is towa
an oblique attack upon present experience. Thus his prose
never colloquial, and never contemporary. It belongs where h
by temperament, belongs, to the late seventeenth centur
It is so slow, so richly weighted in movement, like the cadenc
of Hooker or Browne. At first, coming to it from mode
utility prose, the reader is baffled, and inclined to murmu
querulously about it being too literary. But soon its mag
begins to work, compelling a discipline upon the mind. H
sees the terrible reality and fearlessness of the poet's min
Here is an example. " Why all this sleep ?—seven, eigh
nine, ten hours perhaps—with a living to make, work to
done, thoughts to be thought, obligations to keep, a soul
save, friends to refrain from losing, pleasure to seek, and tha
prodigious host of activities known as life ? "

There is nothing he does not explore in this enquiry into th
permutations of sleep ; its depth, its range, its perversion
He says " for my own part, I have spent in sleep a far mo
active and adventurous existence than has been my outwa
lot in the waking day. What that may foreshadow who ca

say? The fortunate perhaps may follow the liveliest careers in both. But the precise relation between the life of the imagination and that in the external world is obscure." De la Mare has tried in his work to shape a refractometer for gauging that obscurity.

But here the remarkable alertness of this poet's consciousness again shows itself. Out of all his weaknesses—and the greatest of poets has as much weakness as he is human—de la Mare makes artistic capital. No writer has ever been more awake to the dangers besetting his path. He even enjoys it, and dances near the brink of the precipices which he sees in his own nature.

> O brave adventure; Ay, at danger slake
> Thy thirst, lest life in thee should, sickening, quail;
> But not toward nightmare goad a mind awake,
> Nor to forbidden horizons bend thy sail—
> Seductive outskirts whence in trance prolonged
> Thy gaze, at stretch of what is sane-secure,
> Dreams out on steeps by shapes demoniac thronged
> And vales wherein alone the dead endure.
>
> Nectarous those flowers, yet with venom sweet.
> Thick-juiced with poison hang those fruits that shine
> Where sick phantasmal moonbeams brood and beat,
> And dark imaginations ripe the vine.
> Bethink thee: every enticing league thou wend
> Beyond the mark where life its bound hath set
> Will lead thee at length where human pathways end
> And the dark enemy spreads his maddening net.

Throughout his work he refers, sometimes at length as in this quotation, sometimes in a single epithet, to the danger of his queer backward-walking progress through life and through his personal experience in this world, and even in possible other worlds co-existent with it. He see his acute sensibility tending to a sort of inaction. He sees himself dreading to touch anything directly—even life itself, lest he should send it crashing into ruins. And he deplores his own remoteness, the result of that dread; and the deploration sets an overtone to his poetry, and affects its rhythm, giving it a certain frantic, dancing-in-the-distance quality. Not only in his verse, but also in his most realistic novels, this quality is perceptible. In one of his stories, *At First Sight*, he betrays himself in a casual description of a clergyman who "had done excellent, if rather active, work in the parish!" Note that antinomy.

But that inaction becomes a strength, a double strength. First, it pacifies his inward vision, the tortured scene of self.

I sit alone,
And clear thoughts move in me,
Pictures, now near, now far,
Of transient fantasy.
Happy I am, at peace
In my own company.

Yet life is a dread thing, too,
Dark with horror and fear.
Beauty's fingers grow cold,
Sad cries I hear,
Death with a stony gaze
Is ever near.

Lost in myself I hide
From the cold unknown :
Lost, like a world cast forth
Into space star-sown :
And the songs of the morning are stilled,
And delight in them flown.

It is a sad pacification, perhaps, but it is effective, and it leads to his second source of strength. It makes him see with that fierce intensity by which the mind's eye is lighted at times of crisis ; it gives him perpetually the vividness of grief, the clarity of fever, which his art enables him to utilize without despair or delirium. Look how he describes a winter morning.

> Already dawn was clear and high in the sky, already the first breezes were moving in the mists ; and breathed chill, as if it were the lingering darkness itself on my cheeks. The air was cold, yet with a fresh, faint sweetness. The snow lay crisp across its perfect surface, mounded softly over the gorse-bushes, though here and there a spray of parched blossom yet protruded from its cowl. Flaky particles of ice floated invisible in the air. I called out with pleasure to see the little ponds where the snow had been blown away from the black ice. I saw on the bushes too the webs of spiders stretched from thorn to thorn, and festooned with crystals of hoar-frost. I turned and counted as far as I could my footsteps leading back to the house, which lay roofed in gloomy pallor, dim and obscured in the darkened west.

What a strange agony it is, this conflict within him, of clarity in near objects against an ever receding horizon. You see how he is forced to repudiate the pleasure, and to retrace his " footsteps leading back to the house ". But what house is that ? It is the house where the poet in him was born, a tantalizing birthplace lost in obscurity, with doors opening from the back on ulterior paths leading away in the other direction, the direction of the mirror. " Have you ever," he asks, " seen

that door? . . . its ruinous stone lintel, carved into lichenous stone heads, stonily silent in the last thin sunlight, hanging in peace unlatched. Heated, hunted, in agony—in that cold, green-clad, shadowed porch is haven and sanctuary. But beyond—O God, beyond!"

That is the keynote of his work, and the goad which whips him on to ever more tense and distilled self-expression; an artist consumed by his own nerves, yet always emerging from the terror to a sort of humour and appetite for life finding an equipoise in his own pain, and a fecundity from the contradiction which has torn his life.

The first article in this series on modern poets by Mr. Richard Church—"W. H. Davies—the Man and His Work"—appeared in the January issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

FERTILIZERS—NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL

By S. L. Bensusan

SEVEN years have gone their way since I met, in a nearby lane, a short elderly grizzled man ; with great authority he motioned me to stop.

" You're the gent what's bought the little old place on the hill," he began severely.

" Yes, that's true."

" Well, it's a pretty place enough, but you won't grow nothin' there."

" Why not," I asked him, remembering that the garden ground was as bare as the palm of my hand, save for an occasional crop of nettles.

" It can't be done, nothin' won't grow."

" You know that for certain ? "

" I belong here," he replied with dignity.

" I am going to try to raise good fruit, flowers and vegetables, and to bring the place back to cultivation," I persisted.

The old man growled :—" Anybody can try ; this here's a free country. You can waste your time and your money. But there," he went on, " it's a nice, healthy part. Folk don't die hereabouts."

" What do they do ? " I enquired.

" They wither," he said, and turned his back.

Well, seven eventful years have taught me that my casual acquaintance was not well-informed. He has passed, and the land flourishes. The flower garden is a delight, and passes from strength to strength. We maintain excellent crops of every kind, under glass and in the open. They are remarkable in that they are grown to all intents and purposes on sand foundations. If the top soil was worth anything in days of old it has long been washed down the hillside. Sand was in charge in 1933.

The secret of success is a very simple one. I have proceeded steadily with the making of compost along the lines indicated by Rudolf Steiner. His methods have established a following in England, and a still larger one in Germany, though the Nazi authorities do not look kindly upon them. This is not only because the heavy industries supply mineral fertilizers, and business is business, but because the Steiner system tends to develop individuality and may lead even to further study of Steiner's philosophy.

The problem of very light soil in this country has been dealt with on the Suffolk and Norfolk borders by planting and ploughing in lupins and raising tobacco, but I wanted substantial crops of the everyday kind, and the first return to compost was based upon the common act of husbandry of a century ago, when labour was cheap and compost heaps were made on many farms, of grass cuttings, hedge trimmings, vegetable waste and ditch scrapings. All these were piled up and treated in haphazard fashion with farmyard manure, but the results were entirely satisfactory. Even at first sight it appears that what may be called the biological method of treating the land must be superior to that which relies on 'artificials.' Nature's own way gives an equal impulse to growth and decay, and I think the time has come when we should demand an enquiry into the question whether food taken from chemically-treated soil is as healthy as food that has been raised as Nature raised it before the first chemist appeared on the scene. The effect of artificials upon humus, earthworms and micro-organisms also calls for expert consideration. The question is very difficult because if scientists are prepared to accept chemical fertilizers because of the quantitative results, they are equally unwilling to accept the qualitative analyses of unorthodox experimenters like Madame Kolisko and Dr. Pfeiffer. Quality cannot be expressed quantitatively.

The question assumes a certain seriousness if we consider the incidence of disease. We are told that a hundred years ago ascertained human deaths from cancer in this country were 173 per million; to-day the cancer deaths are said to be over 1,000 per week. Among animals foot and mouth disease, liver rot, mastitis and bovine tuberculosis have increased at an

alarming rate. The growth of insect pests in orchard, field and vegetable garden has baffled the scientists, and as many as half-a-dozen poisonous sprays annually are advocated to keep orchards in good health. Turn to the report of the Poultry Technical Committee, published as late as 1938, and you see that the losses are so heavy that many poultry farmers have been driven out of business. The heaviest mortality now being experienced is avowedly due to a crop of ailments the cause of which is unknown, and for which (I quote the official report) ' no curative or control measures have been discovered '.

At every turn the capacity to resist disease appears to diminish. Last year a " Medical Testament " was signed by 31 members of the Cheshire Panel Committee. Speaking of the National Insurance Act the Committee stated that, so far as prevention of disease is concerned, the promise had not been fulfilled, and the fact should be faced. " Our daily work brings us repeatedly to the same point : this illness results from a lifetime of wrong nutrition." The report of the Peckham Pioneer Health Centre disclosed that in a survey of 1,666 members of 500 families it was found that only 144 adults and children and 17 babies, had no diagnosable disorder.

The question the layman may ask himself is whether deficiency diseases and the lack of resistance to be found in the human, the animal and the vegetable kingdom are not all traceable to denatured food, and if this is not the primary cause of the complaints that beset them all. If you go to one of the farms or gardens that are being run on the Steiner system by experts you will find not only that plants resist disease, but that no mineral washes are ever used. There is one at Bray, near Maidenhead, conducted by a lady who has given her life to propagating the new idea ; in her tomato-houses I have found the finest fruit I ever handled, and she assures me that no spray has been used within its walls. Plants, Rudolf Steiner's followers will tell you, grow away from disease, if they are raised in healthy soil with natural, *i.e.* organic fertilizers.

The system I follow is not the only one. Sir Albert Howard, founder of the Indore method of composting, can record astonishing successes, and the choice between the two has been dictated in my own case merely because he admits sewage to his

prescription, and Steiner does not. On wider grounds it may be said that while Sir Albert Howard looks to humus to cure all the soil's troubles, Steiner offers farmers and gardeners a new system and a philosophy of farming.

The method of making a compost heap is very simple indeed. Choose a sheltered situation, dig down three to four inches, setting the soil aside to serve for a cover and then make a heap of all the organic material available; outside leaves of vegetables, pea and bean haulms, leaves, grass and hedge trimmings. If you have waste-wood that won't rot just burn it and use the ashes, and every weed you can get is welcome to the compost heap, though if it is a very strong kind put it in the centre, where the heat will be greatest. If you are afraid of docks and thistles and prefer to burn them, be sure to add the freshly burned ash to the compost heap for the sake of its mineral content. You keep the sides of the heap sloping and sprinkle it twice with unslaked lime, first when the heap is about 2ft. high and again at 4ft. At 5 or 6ft. cover your mound with the soil taken from the ground, but peat moss or bracken will certainly make a better cover. You add a little trench for watering, and use rain-water in which cow, poultry or pigeon manure has been stirred. I have added to all my heaps a certain amount of cow and pig manure in no fixed proportion. It has been regulated by the supply available, and I have inserted what Steiner's followers call 'activators.'

There has been a great controversy about them, some people regarding the activators as mysteries, though in truth they are nothing of the kind, and Dr. Steiner's early reticence was due to the fact that they had not been fully tried out. They are no more than what might be called, from the strictly quantitative point of view only, homœopathic preparations of silica, stinging-nettle, camomile, valerian, yarrow, dandelion and oak bark. The preparation is peculiar. They are buried, often in the entrails of animals or cow horns, for the greater part of the year before they are ready for use and then you make a hole in your compost heap and insert a small dose of each. This sounds a bit fantastic. Dr. Steiner admitted as much, adding " and so did mountain railways when their building was first proposed." But at least the preparations cost very little, and the results have

an eloquence that stills the outcries of those who think they have nothing to learn. The activators are prepared by the agriculturists who have had first-hand instruction from men who collaborated with Dr. Steiner. They are not necessarily members of the Authroposophical Society nor do they make the preparations for profit, nor do you need membership to obtain them. The plants used are gathered in the season of their greatest growth activity and are stored in peat moss, but many people who have the facilities and the aptitude prepare them for their own use. Anybody who desires to test them can obtain the activators from Broome Farm at Clent, near Stourbridge, which is run on the Steiner lines by an independent group of enthusiastic workers. They are certainly worth while and those who are looking further than mere gain can find in their use and its implications a wider knowledge of the relations between mineral, plant, animal and man. Many of the proprietors of worthless ' specifics ' for soil improvement are more secret about them (and for good reason) than Dr. Steiner ever was, and the curious part of both the Howard and Steiner systems is that they make the most enthusiastic converts. One of these, Mr. Alma Baker, of Malaya and New Zealand, has in the past two years published a couple of small books at his own expense for free distribution to all who are interested. He calls one of them " The Soil and its Products ", and the other " Peace with the Soil ", and at the age of 80 odd he is working on a third. The Minister of Agriculture called the earlier work a document of first-class importance.

I have chosen to keep my composts for two years before using them, but many people spend no more than nine months in the preparation. They are used as a top dressing, and have a remarkable effect.

Dr. Steiner said that we are over-stimulating the soil with artificials, that the dose will need increasing just as though the earth were a drug addict, and although it is possible to stimulate production, the nutritive value of food produced in this fashion is subject to gradual deterioration. " The time will come," he said once, " when, if these methods are persisted in, the world may starve in the midst of plenty."

Be this as it may, the simple, wholesome method of making and using compost must continue to extend its appeal, more particularly nowadays when artificial ' fertilizers ' are no longer cheap as well as nasty, personally I deem the term fertilizer a misnomer, I would suggest drug. It is interesting to note that compost is recommended by the Ministry of Agriculture and that experiments in the Steiner method are being conducted by at least two agricultural colleges.

It is clear that there can be no more important subject before the world at large than that of the relation between soil fertility and health. We have to ask ourselves the question whether in forcing nature's hand we have provoked reprisals, and whether the chemist's rough and ready method can improve upon the immemorial alchemy that Nature practises, an alchemy we are only beginning to understand. One and all of us are concerned, and if Rudolf Steiner was correct in his definite statement that soil dressed with artificials produces food lacking in full nutritive value, there is here an explanation of the growth and extension of deficiency diseases, an explanation that demands the most serious consideration. The difficulty is that the deterioration that promotes deficiency is slow, and the means of recording it are not easy to discover, but investigation might well unite the world in a great task that concerns the good of all men, without regard to race, religion, colour or nationality. We have the right to ask ourselves if mineral ' fertilizers ' can restore or maintain the fertility of the soil. I maintain that the evidence is against this.

There is a strong *prima facie* case for the supporters of artificials to meet. The speeding-up processes of the past 100 years have produced a large measure of social chaos. Applied to agriculture, they stand charged with reducing the food values upon which you and I and all of us depend for our ability to carry on, since on the physical plane at least we are what we eat. " Plants under the influence of mineral manures do not enjoy a full life, and after a time lose their nutritive value." So said Dr. Steiner.

For the amateur gardener who desires to grow more food and is concerned with the nutritive value of what he grows, and the health of those who eat it, compost offers a safe way to security.

If he has broken fresh ground he can rely upon the ground's stored fertility for the first season while he is making his compost heap and when another year comes round he should have sufficient organic fertilizer to carry him through. Local Authorities might lend useful aid if they would preserve and accumulate the grass and hedge trimmings that are wasted nowadays. Sane cultivation is sound national defence.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

THE best thing about this brutish form of naval war is the heroism in many cases and the tough courage in thousands which it evokes ; but the worst is that it begins to shake the primitive instinct of seamen to risk all for a rescue. The other day a Greek ship was torpedoed in the Atlantic and her crew after five days of desperate weather in a boat at last made the south coast of Ireland. One of them was an Irish seaman (who had signed on in the Panama Canal) and he told the story. At least half-a-dozen vessels of various kinds sighted them and promptly turned away—fearing they might be a decoy. Nearly half the men went mad from the hardships ; they were drinking sea water and perishing of cold. When at last, between the Fastnet and the coast, only a few miles from land, a local fishing boat also ran from them, the Irishman said he thought they would all have gone mad. The captain, who was among the survivors and had some English, could only say, " never speak to me again of those five days ". And it is not possible that this experience is unique. All the more honour to those who rush to the rescue ; and all the more shame to those who have established such a tradition that they are inevitably regarded as capable of using such a decoy.

Inglorious Warfare

Attack on lightships completes the picture of what Germany is doing. The high seas are a dangerous wilderness, but nature makes them friendly to adventurous man at least in this that his vessel can forge ahead, fearing nothing but wind, weather and collision. The last is a hazard which lighting can guard against, but lights have now to be discarded ; still on the high seas the chance of collision is small. Danger is where land begins with its rocky outliers, and here man has learnt to set warning beacons for users of the sea roads, painfully watched

and maintained; organs of humanity pushed out into the wilderness. There is, of course, a fierce logic in the German contention—'If we cannot use the sea roads, no one else, enemy or neutral, shall use them with safety. All humanity at sea shall go blind and groping when a cable's length off the course means destruction'. It is the logic of a dangerous madman.

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Hitler's Precedents

Indeed there is every evidence that Hitler has burnt his boats, and keeps nothing open but victory or ruin. He is daily establishing precedents which cannot be forgotten when the reckoning comes. If populations are to be arbitrarily shifted in territories on which he has imposed his rule, who can deny that when pledges to Poland come to be made good, there must be re-shifting? If Gdynia with its prosperous population of 130,000 is to-day emptied of Poles, who can suppose that when power is in other hands Danzig will be allowed to remain a German stronghold at the outlet of Poland's river? I have been reading Mr. Bryant's powerful and painful book, *Unfinished Victory**, which makes one see how much avoidable suffering and injury was inflicted upon the German population when Germany had become defenceless. It is true that the German government deliberately starved its own people in order to increase the war effort; but true also that up to June, 1918, Germany had the chance of a break through in France which might have decided the issue; and since war is held to create legitimate necessities, it may be that the German government was justified in reducing its people to the physical state in which defeat found them. It is certainly true that the allies would have better served their own purpose and cause by remedying at once the consequences of that semi-starvation. But it is right also to remember that in the war Germans went far beyond military necessity; for one instance, when Ludendorff withdrew to the Hindenburg line, his troops in the area which he evacuated sawed through the fruit trees, just as a parting reminder. Charity is not easy to maintain in the face of sheer malice. In general it was the German policy then to intimidate by ruthlessness. Several years ago an Irish doctor who had studied in Germany, went back there and,

*Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

visiting men whom he knew well, found one opinion universally expressed : they had lost the war because they were not ruthless enough. We can see how that opinion is acted upon in this other war, of which Germany is the declared instigator. M. Daladier said in a moving speech that Herr Hitler's Government has made war a new thing, predatory against territory and every living thing in the territory. He might have said that earlier the same Government had made civil administration a new thing, predatory against a whole class of its subjects. All the decencies are defied and civilization has to be reconstructed, either on a new basis of assured freedom, or on the lines of those who built the Egyptian pyramids with slave labour. Nobody denies that the pyramids are impressive work, or that capable organization presided over the planning and the making of them ; but we do not desire to be bondslaves in any modern Egypt.

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America Must Decide

I have been taken to task by an American friend for " sneering " at the United States, and am reminded that the Allies may soon be anxiously coming to them for credits. Well, if it should suit the American people to alter so far their moral attitude as to supply such credit, undoubtedly the Allies will have reason to be thankful. But if I may speak plainly the mind of an Irishman who with a great number of his fellow countrymen served in the last war, I prefer to believe that the United States will either stand by its decision to avoid all risks of being involved, or else will be moved to intervene with full strength on what appears to be the side of humanity and justice. If they come in at all, it will be because they are proud to fight. At present they think it more respectable to stay out ; and that is an attitude for which I do not profess admiration. They may say that they have no responsibility, but that is only partly true. We are fighting to put back Poland and Czechoslovakia on the map of Europe, and the United States had a great hand in deciding that they should be put there. Certainly Great Britain for a long time shirked all responsibility for maintaining what was done in Central Europe after 1918 ; the whole task was left to the army of France while Great Britain was reducing her

navy and scrapping armaments. We all know now that this was the costliest kind of folly ; but at least we are now accepting responsibility and paying dear for it. We are not called on at the same time to applaud America's prudence. It resembles very closely the attitude of those British statesmen who thought for a long time that what happened in Czechoslovakia was too remote to interest them. They began to act when they saw that Czechoslovakia's danger meant their own danger and, acting belatedly, they could not save either the Czechs or the Poles from destruction, and had to undertake the formidable task of replacing what was destroyed, lest they themselves should be the next for destruction. Great Britain postponed action, but acted ; yet they had postponed too long. It is possible that America one day may have to fight a rear guard action in defence of what is left of our common civilization, and to fight it without assistance. It is also possible that indignation over events in Europe may induce her to take a hand earlier in the fight, and shorten it. That would be gallantry. But it might also be a wiser prudence than their present one.

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Neutral Feelings

Outside the belligerent area, movements have been on the whole satisfactory. The Japanese protest against seizure of German seamen from the *Asama Maru* has been met, in traditional British manner, by a compromise which saves "face" but preserves what the British consider essential. In the Balkan and Danubian regions, with Turkey still a leading member of the Entente, friendly accord appears to have been reached by the four powers which met in Conference—Turkey, Greece, Rumania and Yugoslavia ; accord on a policy of abstention from the major conflict, apparently with guarantee of mutual assistance, if any of the partners should be attacked from outside. Subsequent visits paid by members of the Conference indicated that in spite of Bulgaria's unsatisfied claims, trouble was not to be expected from that quarter. Hungary's attitude was less friendly ; but Hungary is much under Italian influence and that influence was clearly used in favour of maintaining and extending friendship between these not often friendly nations. I was struck by the infrequency with which the name of General

Metaxas appeared. That statesman evidently believes in keeping himself and his country out of the lime light, but it would be unwise to overlook his ability and his activity. In the same period under his government a financial settlement between Greece and Great Britain has been reached, which is not likely to have been disadvantageous to the country which General Metaxas governs.

Incidentally, I have noted repeated assurances in the English press that Turkish and Balkan tobacco could be bought for blending in cigarettes without lowering the quality of what Englishmen habitually prefer to smoke. This is as if you should say that wine from the Côte d'Or and the Medoc vineyards could be mixed with Australian, and that the Australian would be none the less palatable. There are Turkish and Balkan tobaccos that "carry a perfume in the mention," but for ninety-nine out of a hundred smokers the perception of this luxury has disappeared. It went out with the last war when the word "gaspers" came in. (This war has not yet begun to enlarge our current vocabulary.)

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Wisdom and Courage

In India, things are anyhow no worse; and that is mainly thanks to Mr. Gandhi, whose courage and wisdom seem to me extraordinary. It may seem odd to speak of courage in a man who evidently attaches no value to his personal survival and who sets aside all that the mass of men think important in existence. But it is not easy even for a saint to face resentment in his following and plainly he has used all his influence to restrain natural impulses in the great movement with which he is associated. Congress partisans inevitably feel that if Great Britain will not concede the claims to which they think themselves entitled—and Mr. Gandhi shares this view that the claims are just—the proper course is to put on pressure by creating difficulties for the British Government. But Mr. Gandhi is that rare creature, a strong political partisan who can see two distinct things at once, and keep a sense of values. All Indian Nationalists, it seems, hold that it would be a disaster if Hitler won; so, I think, do all Irish Nationalists, at least such of them as retain the capacity for thinking. So, for instance, I believe does Mr. de Valera.

But he has never told the Irish that it is their business to help in preventing that disaster. Mr. Gandhi has had both the courage and the wisdom to insist that India shall avoid doing that which Hitler would desire. In a sense it is easy for him, since he has neither official position nor personal ambition. But it is a very rare fact that a man without these attributes should remain a power. Hardly less rare is the instance of one who, holding intensely such views as his, should be able to recognize that a Governor who opposes them none the less means well to India. Very few saints have been able to recognize virtue in those who do not share their conceptions of justice; and this one is, I think worth a great deal to the world.

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After all, in spite of mass production, and mass movements, it is the individual that counts. Mr. Bryant's book has made me at least aware of what Hitler accomplished in Germany, as an unaided individual, and how formidable a force, morally, has been created by him. The war looks a tougher proposition after reading Mr. Bryant because it is seen to be ultimately a contest of wills; wills, on one side concentrated in a single individual, on the other, distributed over a whole nation. The advantages of concentration are obvious; yet, look at the Finns. They are not hypnotized by any spellbinder—and look at their effort and the result. In truth, the chance for paramount leadership is greatest where the need is greatest, and Mr. Bryant shows us the appalling disarray—physical and moral—of Germany when Hitler began. As things are, it does not look as if the British Commonwealth stood in need of a man whose name should be a flag and an inspiration. Who is remembered as the hero of the last war? Most of us would give the answer—"The Unknown Soldier." That is not because there were not brave deeds enough, nor because the English people have lost the admiration for heroism. Yet I am sure that distinction earned in the War by heroism, living or dying, never affected the imagination of this country so powerfully as a life and character which are even at this moment made the subject of a new study. Book after book has been written; yet Mr. Seaver will find thousands of readers for his *Scott of the Antarctic**—

*Murray. 10s. 6d.

and all the more because it is less a narrative than an answer to the question, why is Scott so universally remembered and admired? The English public, prosperous and happy, is not prone to idealize even heroic failure: and not even the dramatic circumstances of Scott's disappointment at the Pole itself, which led up with such tragic fitness to the failure to reach safety, can account for the appeal of his legend. Men and women everywhere have seen in that defeat, recorded by the dying, a victory of man's spirit. It is an epic of leadership, challenging the worst that fate can do. I wrote a life of Scott and I wrote a life of Mary Kingsley: in both, one had to consider courage carried to the last point, yet never reckless, carefully planning each step, meeting each emergency with swift resource. Of the two, I should say that the woman had the greater brain, and certainly that the results she achieved in spreading fruitful knowledge were the more valuable. But in lasting effect on the general mind, there is no comparison—chiefly, I think, for this reason. What Mary Kingsley did, she did, as far as any human being can do anything, single-handed. What the world saw in Scott, and what Mr. Seaver helps us to understand better than ever before, was a priceless example of leadership. He and his closest comrade, Wilson, whom also Mr. Seaver has interpreted in another volume, are an abiding inspiration to their race.

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John Buchan

John Buchan—what a career! Was ever a man more the architect of his own amazing fortunes? And never was any man less over-gilded by success. He crammed life full with enjoyed experience and had the covetable power to re-live his enjoyments in writing. Travel, personal contacts, fishing, all went into making books, for his own delight and the world's. If spirits meet, there will have been a great welcome for him from that other Borderer, Sir Walter Scott—that other lover of romance and of romantic achievement.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

WAR COSTS AND FINANCE

By Hugh Quigley

HOW TO PAY FOR THE WAR, by E. F. M. Durbin. *Routledge.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

ECONOMIC WARFARE, by Paul Einzig. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF WAR, by A. C. Pigou. *Macmillan.* 5*s.*

In the years preceding the war of 1914-18, as Mr. Einzig points out, there was a dearth of books investigating and discussing the essential economic problems arising from a state of war, and this deficiency has been taken as a serious deficit as far as the planning of war effort was concerned. The contrary is true of this war : already the flood of books and pamphlets, many of them restatements of conventional economic theory, threatens to convert the discussion of war conditions into a verbal interchange by economic pundits. It is perfectly easy for an economic theorist to suggest rigid economy in every possible direction merely to create what looks like a sound national balance-sheet, but the question is never posed—is it desirable, in interests far greater than those of immediate hostilities, to give up many of the things necessary to the civilization we are supposed to be defending ?

That question is in fact raised by Professor Pigou in his book, which is, as one would expect, a very clear, evenly balanced and interesting document. There is always in the writer's mind, when he is discussing even such things as taxes versus loans or Government commandeering, the possibility of the war conditions conflicting with fundamental social values, and this gives to *The Political Economy of War* a significance which is more than purely temporary, while the absence of it in the other two books by Mr. Paul Einzig and Mr. E. F. Durbin gives them only the character of somewhat enlarged ephemeral pamphlets.

Mr. Durbin maintains that the three methods by which the war effort could be met financially are through taxation, industrial control and borrowing. He deliberately burkes the question of industrial control which, one would imagine, would be of some importance even to economists of the left wing ; is rather doubtful about the usefulness or advisability of borrowing, since excessive loans would in effect penalise sections of the population other than those lending the money, and maintains that it is quite possible for the Government to raise, through taxation, something over £3,000 million per annum. The deflation of civilian effort, represented by the severe restriction of private consumption, by a figure as high as 50%, would not have

an adverse effect on the total volume of industrial employment, and, as a consequence, on the national income. He assumes in fact that the national income will increase despite this kind of restriction, and postulates the maintenance of prices at their present level. It is a necessary part of his argument, that the cost of the war should not be markedly greater than the figure he gives as the yield of taxation.

On each one of those issues the facts are against the theorist, with the result that his proposals may possess a theoretical or historical value, but they have ceased to have a practical value.

Mr. Einzig, with journalistic aplomb, gives a very clear survey of certain aspects of economic warfare, but at no point does he get down to practical detail, and it is doubtful whether the Government will be able to discover in any part of his book any new method which it could usefully adopt for the prosecution of warfare on those lines. It is difficult to avoid superficial comparisons when putting together a tissue of generalizations, and while the book itself is well arranged, its argument is vitiated by the preconception that, owing to superiority of material, financial and industrial resources, the Allies must necessarily win the war. If Mr. Einzig had assumed the possibility of the Allies losing the war, and discussed ways and means of avoiding that unfortunate result, he might have written a very disturbing but valuable study, and devoted rather more attention to the German economic system. The assumption, for example, that the German nation entered this war with a much lower capacity for physical resistance than it had in 1914, owing largely to the restriction of consumption of foodstuffs in previous years, is not true, and it is entirely too simple a doctrine that sooner or later the German public will become so inflation minded that there will be a panicky flight from the reichmark and a collapse of the national morale. It is on that last single point that Mr. Einzig expects the Allies to win the war.

Professor Pigou, interested in surveying the situation without prejudice but with a keen mind, raises up the important issues which must be clear to those who are responsible for advising the Government, but he does not attempt to make any recommendations, believing possibly that what is necessary now is more a clear perception of fundamental issues than an application of principles which may prove to be unsound in practice. Among other things, he disposes of the theory that borrowing and taxation are essentially different from each other, and he provides an answer to the argument in favour of severe taxation put forward by Mr. Durbin :

> It is generally agreed that a policy of finance through taxation alone, however excellent it might be in theory, is in practice out of the question, for the simple reason that the people would not stand it.

He also puts into its proper perspective the easy doctrine that the war will be won by applying the entire resources of the country to the requirements of the fighting services with virtually no reference to the normal requirements of the civilian population. It is that idea, more than anything else, which has caused the collapse of the building trades and actually increased unemployment during a time of war. If human and material assets are not employed for any purpose at all, they

must represent an extreme form of economic waste, and the loss of employment of those assets is not balanced by any corresponding gain in the Government's war efficiency.

He maintains that the control of prices and the reduction of inflation to its minimum is bound up with the control of production, and this control covers not only the machinery of production but also the labour force employed in it. In the wrong hands, industrial conscription is very similar in effect to pure Fascism, but the existence of vested interests in labour, as represented by the more reactionary Trade Unions, may render it necessary to exercise direct control. Whether the machinery of Government, as at present constituted, is adequate to assume the management of industry and of industrial labour is a question he does not ask, and on the whole he brings his survey no further forward than an analysis of what happened during the last war and what may be expected to happen during this one. To that extent even Professor Pigou's book is disappointing.

It is, however, refreshing to find one authority, in the midst of so many appeals for restriction of consumption and deflation of civilian production, who is still able to put forward a plea for normal economic activity. The success of the Allies will not depend on their capacity to cause inflation mania in Germany, or to raise immense sums through taxation, but on their capacity to wage war as an activity subsidiary to other and more valuable activities, which in themselves constitute economic reality. Perhaps it may be possible for Professor Pigou to follow up his survey of the existing situation with an objective and carefully balanced study of new economic theory which must emerge in the later stages of this war and will become exceedingly urgent once hostilities are terminated.

UNFINISHED VICTORY, by Arthur Bryant. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Unfinished Victory is an emotional book. This may be all to the good. Sometimes an emotional appeal to be generous will prevail where the sober intimation that generosity pays finds no response ; and since generosity is Mr. Bryant's theme, by no means a fashionable one in war-time, he has the right to choose such means as may best ensure him a hearing. In five chapters and a long personal confession by way of introduction he urges the Allies to look back on their past mistakes and learn from them ; recounts some of the more spectacular though by no means best known misjudgments of the past twenty years ; and tries, by picturing those circumstances in Germany which were both Hitler's setting and his summons, to induce an imaginative understanding of England's chief enemy.

Perhaps the emotion of the book, which seems genuine and honourable, was not recollected long enough in tranquillity. Reading, one becomes aware of an unaccountable discomfort, not wholly due to curiosities of style. I note shapeless sentences here and there : " Though of the former only a minority were of German race, the door was closed on far more Germans than it had been on Frenchmen in 1871." " They boldly announced that they preferred to be killed than silenced." There are slips, too, in proof-reading, involving even the famous inscription on the

victory memorial at Compiègne. It is as though Mr. Bryant had been in a hurry to put before the world what he had to say, anxiously desirous to take us with him before we begin to lose our heads and to hate.

What has Mr. Bryant to offer? Chiefly, he says, an historian's view of the Allies misdemeanours and Germany's resurrection. He tells us that the present book is based upon one written on a larger scale, now laid aside. It may be a pity that he thus compressed what he had to say, for an historian is judged by his sources, and the sources here seem insufficient for so wide a theme. The effects of the blockade (the best chapter in the book) he shows adequately from first-hand accounts. To the happenings at Versailles Mr. Nicolson, Mr. Keynes and Mr. Churchill bear respectable witness. The account of post-war Germany is based mainly on two books, Mr. Gedyes' *The Revolver Republic*, and Vernon Bartlett's *Nazi Germany Explained*. When we come to the enthusiastic portrait of Hitler which forms Mr. Bryant's climax, the only source acknowledged is *Mein Kampf*, and statement begins to usurp the place of proof.

Going through this chapter, taking it carefully, the reader begins at last to understand the reason for those sensations of discomfort and stress which have been his companions for 169 pages and here are brought to a head. It is as though Mr. Bryant were pleading a cause; using all the advocate's skill, throwing in sentiment, where reason will not serve, in an attempt to sublimate the achievements of Nazi Germany, and Hitler as the prime mover of those achievements. He is fascinated by the spectacle of order emerging from confusion. He is willing to believe that here, if ever, the means did justify the end. He seems confident of the necessity and nobility of that end, although Rauschning, who speaks with authority, declares the Nazi aim to be purely destructive. All this Mr. Bryant feels, and must try to reconcile with the fact that he is an Englishman, a son of that nation which Germany now counts her chief enemy, and which has declared plainly that a first condition of peace must be the abdication of those men who raised Germany from the dust.

There was an earlier historian who sighed as a lover, obeyed as a son. That saying of Gibbon's, rather than quotations from Thucydides and Lawrence, should serve as a motto for this book; the work of a man standing between two loyalties, too distracted to balance evidence or to hold rhetoric separate from fact. It is honest, troubled, and will serve no purpose now.

HELEN SIMPSON.

THE ROMANOVS, by William Gerhardi. *Rich & Cowan.* 30*s*.

History has been explained as mankind's gradual decline from a golden age, or as its progress towards an unknown destiny; as a drama of salvation or as the gradual revelation of the *Weltgeist*; as determined by ideals or by material forces. No final solution has been found, and none, perhaps, will ever be found. It is the more fortunate, therefore, that after Mr. Gerhardi's book we need no longer worry. He has found an interpretation of history which is perhaps not altogether new, but at least has all

the advantages of finality. To him, history is nonsense, pure and simple. This view he seems to regard as novel, witty and profound, and he develops it in a racy, flippant style which he obviously regards as the only adequate one in dealing with such inferior beings as Peter the Great, Napoleon and a number of minor gods of history. Derisively, he speaks of "serious" historians in quotation marks, adding that "what irritates is the bloated solemnity of the ordinary history as it treats of farcical happenings . . . . . Princes and governments . . . to-day, as ever, behave as idiotically, and in no other way idiotically than Napoleon and Alexander (I.)".

The philosophy underlying this view of history is what it must be; one of unmitigated individualist hedonism. Only the individual counts. To regard communities, such as countries, churches and the like, as worth an individual's sacrifice and suffering, is, to Mr. Gerhardi nothing but a symptom of unspeakable stupidity. "History . . acquires . . . sanity only in recognition of the criminal lunacy of a state of affairs which, in deference to unfeeling and ever receding abstractions, always sends the suffering unit packing". Why such super-personal groups and beliefs as, say "England", or "liberty", or "protestantism", or "Christianity", or "Athens", or "Chinese civilization" or any other of the thousand things for which generations lived and laid down their lives should be "abstractions", Mr. Gerhardi does not reveal; he seems to take it for granted, because he most obviously believes in none of them, and, for that matter, in nothing but the dear little comforts of the dear little individuals. True, in his preface he says it in grander words. "Divinity, entire and indivisible, descends into each individual whole and unsplit as if he alone had being; each of the many is indeed the One." If every man is God, than indeed any suffering inflicted upon a man is sacrilege. And the author concludes: "History, as we know it, is therefore always history of the unreal, of the unfeeling, of the phantastic—indeed of the insane." It never occurs to Mr. Gerhardi that this insanity of all history lived and written before the advent of himsel might be no more than a mirage—that he might, in fact, not be the only sane person in an insane world, but has simply failed to understand what history, or more precisely, what politics are about. Seeing that, despite his invocation of the "Divinity", he regards all aims lying beyond individual well-being as nonsensical, it would be hopeless to try to make him understand what politics are. He is unable to see that man, being a gregarious animal, could not even maintain his physical existence without constant suffering and sacrifice in the service of the horde, and later of its amplifications, the tribe and the state.

To write history is obviously impossible with such views. Mr. Gerhardi tells us nothing about Russia and her fates. But extreme individualism such as his might seem a philosophy well fit for the understanding of the tragedy of the individual. For this one would look in a work written from the author's viewpoint. But one finds one's search sorely disappointing. For human tragedy—as opposed to simple human misery—can only emerge where the individual is wrestling with forces

recognized as being more important than individual well-being. That any individual can recognize such forces, Mr. Gerhardi, in theory, would probably admit, though he would deride it as folly; in practice, he cannot conceive it. His view of man "the vessel of Divinity, essentially the One" is as base as the view of any misanthropist can be. He is capable of saying that Napoleon, had he been seriously wounded, would at once have had enough of his march into Russia. Did he never hear of the death in battle of Gustavus Adolphus and of Charles XII.? Is he congenitally unable not only to value heroism as desirable, but to admit it as existing? It seems so. Much too much "absurd romanticism" has been spent, in his opinion, on the murderers of Alexander II. Yet these men and women, after having carried out the gruesome deed they regarded as their duty, actually sought the end on the gallows, and Shelyabov, the leader of the group, wrote a self-denunciatory letter to the prosecution, so that death should be his lot together with his companions. The fact is that Mr. Gerhardi regards individual life as exactly as foolish as public life. And how could it be otherwise? Both draw their meaning and dignity from the same super-personal forces.

What the author is after is quite simply sensation, sensation of the sort which makes human life look absolutely foolish. Of this, admittedly, there is a lot in the history of the Russian Czars. Three of the Romanovs were actually insane or at least nearly so, and many more were perverts of one sort or another. You will find, in Mr. Gerhardi's sumptuously done-up pages, the usual stories about Ivan the Terrible exterminating his subjects, about Peter the Great knouting to death with his own hand his unhappy son Alexey, about Elizabeth's and Catherine's lovers, about the murder of Peter III. and Paul I., about the abdication and the end of Nicolas II. Dealing with these events, the author almost invariably adopts the most sensational version on record, however slight the evidence in its favour. But these stories have been told before, some of them by Russian master-pens such as that of Mereshkovski. Mr. Gerhardi certainly does not improve on their achievements.

F. Borkenau.

BRYCE'S AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH: Fiftieth Anniversary. Edited by R. C. Brooks. *The Macmillan Co., New York.*

THE BACKGROUND OF EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS. Edited by N. L. Hill and H. W. Stoke. *Farrow and Rinehart, New York.*

I was just about to tackle these two books when I chanced to come upon the review of Lord Bryce's famous book contributed by Lord Acton to the *English Historical Review* for April 1889 and reprinted in his *Essays on Liberty*. The latter is an eminently characteristic piece of work more calculated to exhibit Acton's profound erudition than to expound Bryce's treatment of a vastly interesting subject. But the volume just published in New York commemorating the jubilee of Bryce's classic does ample justice both to the book and to the author, not to mention also to Lord Acton whose review is, I find, included in it. There is also included in it a much more helpful review from the pen of Mr. Woodrow Wilson, who

had then lately become Professor of Political Science at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. Shorter, less elaborate, but more direct and even more helpful is a single paragraph (p. 214) in Professor W. B. Munro's chapter *Such Was The Man—The Bryce that I Knew*. As as admirable summary of Bryce's three volumes it could hardly be improved. Other chapters in this interesting and timely book help to bring Bryce's survey up to date, a task which he himself partially accomplished in *Modern Democracies* —published, however, as long ago as 1921.

As a stylist Bryce lacked the distinction of his great predecessor De Tocqueville, but he had three great qualifications for the task he undertook in *The American Commonwealth*; he possessed, in rare measure the gift of lucid exposition: he had supereminent good sense and sanity of judgment, and he had at once the knowledge of an academic Professor and the experience of a member of the House of Commons. Never were those gifts and qualifications employed to greater advantage than in *The American Commonwealth*—a work which secured for its author the embassy at Washington and gave to the two great Anglo-Saxon communities, the advantage of an ambassador uniquely qualified to interpret America to Great Britain, and Great Britain to America.

It is the concurrent opinion of the highly qualified contributors of the book under review that Bryce's *magnum opus* was not only "epoch-making" at the time of its first publication, but "after serving for half a century as the basic working manual for all students of American politics, is clearly destined to immortality as an indispensable source book for future historians of the United States." That is, indeed, a high and generous tribute, in which an English critic must needs respectfully concur.

To those who, like the present writer, knew Bryce primarily as a politician with strong views, perhaps the most remarkable feature both of *The American Commonwealth* and *Modern Democracies* is the complete detachment of their author, and the absence of political partisanship. Bryce found his friends in the United States chiefly, as his biographer Mr. H. A. L. Fisher has observed, among Republicans, and this fact may to some extent have tinged a view of the American Constitution, which was definitely Hamiltonian rather than Jeffersonian. But Bryce, with all his devotion to Mr. Gladstone, and his economic attachment to the Manchester School, was a keen imperialist and a strong believer in a bicameral legislature.

It was on these two questions that I myself came in contact with Bryce. As long ago as 1886 we were closely associated in the formation of the Oxford branch of the Imperial Federation League. After the lapse of half a century I became a member of the Second Chamber Conference of which Bryce was chairman. Our chairman was by then an octogenarian, but he gave no sign of impaired faculties or failing powers. The Report which he drafted had just the same characteristics—preeminent among them lucidity and sanity—as those he exhibited in *The American Commonwealth*. To that work and to its author the present volume is a notable and graceful tribute.

The Background of European Governments is wholly different in scope and

purpose. It is primarily a source book, containing consitutional texts, such as *Magna Carta*, and the *Bill of Rights*, extracts from Judgments and Speeches, and the like. The selection is not above criticism, and the quotations are from speakers and writers of widely disparate degrees of authority. Great Britain occupies nearly half the volume—among the documents being an extract from the Bryce Report of the Second Chamber Conference. Under France we have the Constitutional Laws of 1875, under Germany the Weimar Constitution and various documents illustrating the Nazi *régime*. Similarly for Italy and Russia. The book should be useful in class teaching.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

ARIEL AND ALL HIS QUALITY, by R. S. Lambert. *Gollancz*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

During those doldrums which preceded the abdication of King Edward VIII, the "Talking Mongoose Case", as it came to be known, fell like a ripe plum into the ravenous jaws of Fleet Street and created a furore of interest which will still be remembered. The excitement that it aroused was understandable enough. The case fused in one glorious explosion many elements of direct appeal to the ordinary citizen—the B.B.C., the film industry, the law of slander, the freedom of the individual, excursions into the occult, and human relationships "on the boil". It was, in fact, the *cause celèbre* of the nineteen-thirties, but it will continue to merit that appelation not so much for the thrilling fireworks at the explosion's periphery as for the important issues that burst up in its centre.

The principal protagonist in this weird drama has now left the B.B.C. and looking back on his career at Broadcasting House, surveys, with some measure of 'emotion recollected in tranquillity', his sojourn in the land of Ariel. He tells his story not only in relationship to the action which he won, but also to the issues in broadcast administration, and, even beyond, the sociological issues involved in it.

British annals include histories of many strange enterprises brought through much tribulation to maturity. The development of broadcasting on a monopolistic basis in a country of innately conservative instincts, strongly entrenched vested interests, crude sense of artistic values and distrust of "brains", will always figure as one of the most ironical of these histories. Before the British people were fully aware of its power as a social force the B.B.C. had already taken the measure of the possibilities that lay ahead. The quite remarkable power that the B.B.C. grew to be in the land was due in the first place to the vision and the drive of one man, Sir John Reith. This tribute is no unfair reflection on the galaxy of able and brilliant men, among whom was Mr. Lambert, which helped him to place the B.B.C. on the map, despite the opposition of every conceivable vested interest and the conflicting tastes of the listening public. One is inclined to think that many of those men and women have not received adequate public appreciation of their pioneer endeavours. Within the B.B.C. they have built up organizations that have had their effect in spheres far outside it. But it was inevitably a staff of such peculiar variety as no other institution in the British body politic has presented to its clients. The navy and the intelligentzia, the army

and the academics, the stage and the engineering world, musicians and the civil service made up its ranks. A curious mixture, indeed, of the old school-tie and the literary adventurer, of Chelsea and Bloomsbury, and of every conceivable religious and political standpoint. It was this heterogeneous army, in which intellectual brilliance, idealism energetically pursued, snobbery rampant, and frustrating red-tape found themselves inevitably enlisted together, that marched forward into the suspicious and often hostile territory of British social life. Internal dissensions were apt to die down in the face of crises with the press, or Parliament, or other large-scale organizations, and to flicker up again when the danger point had been passed. The history of the B.B.C. from its early days in 1922 has, in fact, been one long series of internal and external crises, its forward strides being made between, despite, or as a result of them.

At last the inevitable happened though, ironically enough, as is the way in life, through an event which started as a side-issue—the action for slander which Mr. Lambert proposed to bring against Sir Cecil Levita, and which led to a public enquiry into B.B.C. staff matters, the temporary holding up of its second charter, and a fair amount of hot air in the House of Commons.

Towards the end of his book Mr. Lambert has some provocative things to say about the present and future of the B.B.C. "That active individualism which used to be the basis of culture, entertainment, literature and sport in old England is withering away, under the steady concentration of cultural patronage in the hands of great corporate bodies . . . of which the B.B.C., with its possession of a monopoly, is far the most powerful.'

The reader of this book is presented with a combination of a sociological treatize and an "Alice in Wonderland" in real life. If he has any knowledge of the B.B.C. and broadcasting matters, he will find himself agreeing with the author on one page, disagreeing with him on the next and chuckling with amusement on the third.

EDWARD LIVEING.

PAGES FROM THE PAST, by H. A. L. Fisher. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s*.

A display of many-sidedness which would have delighted the Athenians is the expected characteristic of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's recent volume; the occasional papers which it contains are a collection of previously published articles which cover so wide a range that it is impossible shortly to convey an impression of the nature of the book. Nearly all of them are, as might be expected, historical; but it is the author's declared belief that "the prime source of evil in the world to-day is the eclipse of Liberalism", which binds them more closely together and may be detected as the inspiration behind many of the papers. That Mr. Fisher does not mean Liberalism in any narrow party sense is evident from three delightful sketches of statesmen—John Morley, Arthur Balfour and Philip Snowden, which pave the way to an address entitled simply "Politicians." To-day perhaps more than ever the politician is attacked and depreciated; his private life is criticized (as Mr. Fisher deplores)

and low motives are attributed to him more than to those who follow any other profession. It is therefore just that he should find his defender in one who has combined so admirably the life of study with that of public service : an aspiration of Mr. Birrell's was that 'we must take what we can get and if our Generals do not run away and our salaried politicians do not take bribes, that is all we can expect ', and perhaps we are luckier than we think in the high standard of public life which our politicians are expected to maintain. It is a pleasant manifestation of the liberal spirit that the three statesmen of whom character sketches are included followed different parties but were united in this—that they were first concerned to help improve the common lot,' which is the ambition which makes, and will continue to make, the biggest and most generous men in any society desire to take up politics."

These slight but charming portraits owe their interest not only to the author as an historian but to his contact with public life. The success of these three papers as entertaining reading bears out the thesis that " an historian is advantaged by the possession of strong political convictions and by an active interest in the political movements of his own age." To this conclusion, with which Thucydides would have agreed, we are led by the Raleigh lecture on " The Whig Historians ' which is the most important and the longest chapter of the book. In this Lord Macaulay and Sir George Otto Trevelyan form the principal figures. They are excellent examples of historians in whose work ' there is a grasp of reality which is absent from many learned publications of the cloister.'. A sincere appreciation of Macaulay's methods of work and an admiration for his genius and industry are not allowed to blind the reader to his faults, although Mr. Fisher would turn the critics attention more to the *Essays* from the republication of which his reputation as an Historian has undoubtedly suffered. But there will always be found stern critics of parts of his History, and here it is well to quote Mr. Fisher again, for in two sentences he effectively sums up the position as it is now and probably always will be. " The genius of Macaulay has not estopped the critics. But then neither have the critics estopped the readers of Macaulay."

A book of this nature would not be complete without a paper on Oxford, and there are in fact two : in one we find a survey of the years from 1649—1659 which saw Oxford " the centre of those active discussions and investigations which afterwards fructified in the establishment of the Royal Society " ; in the other is depicted the survival of an old College custom—the annual progress of the Warden through the New College Estates. Some papers have been inspired by recent books, such as J. L. Hammond's *Gladstone and the Irish Nation*, and John Buchan's *Augustus*, but it is not possible to mention every paper in a book which begins with a fancy " If Napoleon had escaped to America " and ends with an appreciation of Professor Arnold Toynbee's *A Study of History*. It is a book, as the author wishes it to be, conveying " at this time of sombre apprehension, a gentle invitation to humane studies and a rebuke to the menacing barbarism of our age ".

J. F. Burnet.

TRADITION AND ROMANTICISM, by B. Ifor Evans. *Methuen.* 6*s*.

BROWNING'S ROMAN MURDER STORY. *Baylor University Press.*

The division of English poetry into 'classical' and 'romantic' is arbitrary, outworn, and impracticable. These two elements are to be found converging and intermingling in the work of many of our poets, and are as difficult to isolate as the colours in shot-silk. The substitution of 'objective' and 'subjective' is an improvement, but Professor Evans prefers 'traditional' to the first, thereby following in the footsteps of Edmund Gosse, who was wont to insist on respect for tradition, combined with liberty to experiment with new forms.

But nowadays "License they mean when they cry 'Liberty'". Romanticism, that of the nineteenth century especially, is decried. But mark the resultant confusion. Mr. T. S. Eliot who, Professor Evans tells us, is (aided by the example of Gerard Manley Hopkins, a limping metrist) the writer that has most influenced "the new poetry" and its practitioners, has spoken of himself as "a classicist in literature"; but nothing less 'classical' than his much and unaccountably belauded *Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* can be conceived! And how much of "the new poetry" has the lucidity or the dignity associated with that term, as exemplified in Homer and in Virgil, in Milton and in Pope?

Such is the controversial maze to which Professor Evans's book is offered as a clue. In the main he is a conservative critic. He assigns its full value to tradition, and bids us, instead of condemning romanticism as a whole, to distinguish between the genuine, and the spurious in this kind. An example of the former is the Poet Laureate's *The Everlasting Mercy*, which deserves to be classed with *In Memoriam* and *Christmas Eve and Easter Day* for its plumbing of the depths of a soul confronted with the ultimate problems of humanity. Professor Evans is widely read in contemporary criticism, to which he is uncommonly respectful, but he need not trouble himself about the would-be-critical curs who yap at Milton's heels, for they can defame no one but themselves. Professor Evan's book, he tells us, was conceived as a whole, but parts of it were delivered as lectures at various times and places. The outcome is rather a collection of essays than a sustained exposition of an argument. Still the best of his chapters, despite a rather laboured style, may be read with interest and edification.

From far-away Texas, where it had lain unnoticed in the Browning room at Baylor, comes a literary curiosity. Three versions of the Roman murder story were already listed: the "square old yellow book", now at Balliol, the "secondary source" which Browning had from a friend in Florence—its whereabouts now unknown—and the manuscript in the Royal Casanatense Library in Rome. And now a fourth has to be added. It is clear that the case which kindled Browning's imagination must have made a great and unusual impression upon contemporary observers. This latest account, compiled shortly after the conclusion of the tragedy, contains several new features. A relative of the compiler saw the mutilated bodies of the Comparini. One of the assassins leaves behind him his cap, which the dying Pompilia identifies. The execution of

the criminals is described in extended detail: a stand holding spectators collapses, and several are injured. The bodies of the criminals, after decapitation, are taken to the Church of St. John the Beheaded. The compiler's heart is wrung by the cruel death of the young and hapless Pompilia. It is a very human document.

The translation reads admirably, and Professor Raymond's introduction is highly competent, sensitive, and luminous. The pamphlet is one that cannot fail to attract all devotees of *The Ring and the Book*.

H. C. MINCHIN.

IDLE APPRENTICE, by Joanna Cannan. *Gollancz*. 8*s*. 3*d*.

A MAN OF FORTY, by Gerald Bullett. *Dent*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

MAID NO MORE, by Helen Simpson. *Heinemann*. 8*s*. 3*d*.

TAKE COURAGE, by Phyllis Bentley. *Gollancz*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

Miss Cannan and Mr. Bullett are thoroughly well versed in the art of telling a story and the present examples of their work do nothing to detract from their reputation. Both *Idle Apprentice* and *A Man of Forty* should be popular with a large public.

The method of telling a story that Miss Cannan has chosen for her novel is perfectly straightforward. Her style is agreeable and easy to read, and her plot is a very familiar but favourite one, based on the old tag, "local boy makes good". The son of the old manor, after a series of failures and misadventures in various jobs (to none of which he was in the least suited), at last strikes oil by writing a successful play, returns home, pays off the mortgage, and marries the lovely daughter of the captain of industry, snatching her from the arms of the upstart publicity manager. No doubt we have heard it all before, but Miss Cannan contrives some novel quirks. At the same time it may be doubted whether an attractive and unassuming girl like Lesley would have been utterly ostracized by the "county"; and Gordon, the upstart, is really too full of *clichés* to have attained a position of authority under James Capes.

Mr. Bullett adopts a very different method in *A Man of Forty*; he takes his audience into his confidence and activates his puppets quite openly, and we have only his word for it that some of these puppets are possible. A civil servant who had been so incredibly brilliant as to be in a position to retire at forty would surely have had more sense than David Brome. After a similar episode in mid-career, which is only hinted at, he lost his head completely over a young lady of great beauty and equal inconstancy; and, what is worse, took the affair seriously. Meanwhile Adam Swinford, a youthful relative and a convinced amorist, is engaged in an entanglement with a little cockney dressmaker, which takes a much more serious turn than he intends. The main trouble with all the principal characters is that they appear to have too little to do, and are consequently wrapped up in their own egoisms; and they are frankly a disagreeable lot. However, Mr. Bullett doesn't leave it at that; he gives us in Lydia Brome, the "wronged wife", a brilliant study of an "inferiority complex", and ends Adam's discreditable affair in violence and mystery, in which the little dressmaker's disquieting elderly female friend plays

no small part. Above all, Mr. Bullett's mastery of the English language leads his readers happily to the end; his sentences are real works of art.

Maid No More and *Take Courage* plunge straight into another world, the world of the 17th century, of Cavaliers and Roundheads. Miss Simpson has the most out-of-the-way story of them all: the tale of an ill-found slave ship with its cargo of black ivory, beset by foul weather, mutiny, and murder, and at length foundering on an uninhabited island in the Bay of Honduras. The oddly assorted passengers are a Cavalier scholar who finds Cromwell's England too hot to hold him, and a couple of half-educated female missioners going out to evangelize Caribs and Negroes. One of the women is the ordinary sour religious spinster, and she is soon disposed of; but the other is, after all, a woman, and needs must fall before the ardent though unassured wooing of the scholar. The picture of their little Negro republic on the lost island is in Miss Simpson's best vein, and the ending is artistic and inevitable.

Miss Bentley's book is half again as long as any of the others, and she takes as her field the story of Bradford in the West Riding in the 35 years between the accession of Charles I. and the restoration of his son. Events are seen through the eyes of a Bradford woman, the daughter and wife of well-to-do clothiers, and very vividly they are presented. Penninah, the heroine, is less Puritan than her name, and though she and her family are always on the Roundhead side, her love, despite herself, is with the Cavaliers. The gradual growing of the storm, the injustice of the King's men and the wooden-headed tactlessness of the Parliament men, lead inevitably to the flare-up of the Civil War, the sack of Bradford, and the bloody death of some of the best men in England. Too often the Civil War is regarded only from the viewpoint of London and Oxford, and Miss Bentley infuses new interest into the period by showing its stirring events from the North Country angle.

L. Russell Muirhead.

MISCELLANEA.

STORIES, ESSAYS, AND POEMS, by D. H. Lawrence. Selected with an introduction by Desmond Hawkins. *Everyman Library. Dent. 2s.*

Mr. Desmond Hawkins is right when he says in his introduction to this fine collection of stories, essays, poems (and letters), that Lawrence's death was mourned by the young men who saw in him their prophet. Byron, too, was mourned by the young men who wore bands of crape on their hats. "The comparison with Byron," he says, "is more than a chance resemblance, for Lawrence was also a man of great *personal* genius and of revolutionary significance. There is a kind of poet who lives his own poetry, so that his life and works are scarcely to be separated." True again, for the comparison with Byron is more than chance, it is accidental. Blake and Whitman, if we must fill the empty niches, on either side of D. H. Lawrence would look better. For it was the Byron-messiah cult that grew around D. H. Lawrence that made his work a religion. Young Lawrencians grew beards and talked into them about the "dark gods".

This volume of Lawrence is important for the very simple reason that it contains so many stories, essays, poems, and letters—work covering the whole period of his life. Had Mr. Desmond Hawkins intended to prove, once again, the prophetic significance of D. H. Lawrence, this book would have been a heap of ashes. As he did not set himself this easy task, but has brought together works written by Lawrence which reflect Man in violent conflict with society, man searching for an "escape" from the nullity of a dead relationship into the unknowable unity of a Mexican community, Lawrence revealing that insouciant nature of his in the poems, Lawrence illustrating his ability in sheer (almost academic) critical analysis in the essay on Edgar Allan Poe, and that odd mixture of the domestic and prophetic Lawrence of the letters, Mr. Hawkins has furthered the cause of Lawrence, the man, the writer, the artist, and his works. This book keeps Lawrence on the earth and is worth all the biographies of Lawrence in the world.

BRITAIN, by E. H. Carr. Ambassadors at Large series. Editor E. H. Carr. *Longmans.* 6*s.*

Professor Carr disarms criticism by his assertion in a twelfth-hour Note that "it is still too early to pass any final judgment on British policy of the last two decades in the light of the catastrophe which has brought them to a close". But in any case, in keeping with the series, this little volume is a reflex of British policy as seen through the eyes of a representative Englishman rather than an objective analysis. As such it is an able presentation, making all the obvious superficial points about Britain's dependence on overseas supplies, her status as a world Power with a tendency to keep Europe at arm's length, and the "ingrained pacifism" of twentieth-century Englishmen. Where the author is unwarrantably dogmatic, perhaps, is in affirming that the inclusion of the principle of peaceful change in the 1919 peace settlement—Article XIX. of the Covenant—was nothing more than "the gesture of an uneasy conscience". The best part of the book is the first section "Britain and Democracy" which faces up to the serious new problems inherent in the popularization of international affairs—without, however, envisaging the possibility that, on occasion, the popular instinct may be sounder than the traditionalism of the pundits. Lord Halifax contributes a brief foreword.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Hermann Field : An American citizen, Mr. Field lived in Krakow for six months before the outbreak of the German-Polish War, his work being in connection with the refugees from Czechoslovakia. During this time he was in constant and close touch with the local and national authorities. His account of his experiences after September 3 present a remarkable picture of the complete breakdown of a nation.

Sir James Crerar, K.C.S.I., C.I.E. : Forty years ago Sir James Crerar entered the Indian Civil Service, his first appointment of importance being in 1907 when he became Assistant Commissioner in Sind. By 1920 he was Home Secretary to the Government of Bombay and two years later was Home Secretary to the Government of India, an office he held for five years. From 1927 to 1932 he was Home Member and in 1934 he retired after a long and very distinguished service.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Trevelyan, Bt., P.C. : His Majesty's Lieutenant for the County of Northumberland since 1930, Sir Charles Trevelyan entered Parliament in 1899 as Liberal Member for the Elland Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire. He remained a Liberal member of the House of Commons until 1918 but later, in 1922, he was returned for Central Newcastle as Labour Member, retaining his seat until 1931. Education has always been to the forefront of his interests and from 1908-1914 he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education. Later in 1924 and again from 1929 to 1931 he was President of the Board of Education.

Lord David Cecil : A new book from Lord David Cecil, who is a son of the Marquess of Salisbury and a brother of Lord Cranborne, is always an event since the publication, in 1929, of *The Stricken Deer*, a life of Cowper the poet. His most recent book, *The Young Melbourne*, was equally well received and it is with much pleasure that we welcome his contribution to THE FORTNIGHTLY. In term time Lord David is to be found at New College, Oxford.

Robert Sencourt : Critic, biographer and historian, Mr. Sencourt, who was at one time Professor of English Literature in the University of Egypt, has written books on a variety of subjects. A staunch Catholic, his volume *The Genius of the Vatican* was an able piece of work and more recently his book on the Spanish War received considerable praise even from those who did not share his views.

S. L. Bensusan : A long and varied life has nevertheless given Mr. Bensusan a lasting interest in agriculture, and, to judge from his stories, a particular love for the East Anglian scene. In more recent years he will be remembered for his articles in the *Morning Post* and *The Spectator*, while it is not unusual to find a column story by him on the back page of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Notes on our contributors, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn, Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton, Mr. Richard Church and Mr. Stephen Gwynn, appeared in recent issues.